

EXPLORER  
JOE

10c

# EXPLORER JOE



WINTER

Treasure  
in the  
Celebes

*The SEA PEARL*

A Jewel,

A Girl—

and Death

THE FIRE OPAL  
OF MADAGASCAR





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# FAMOUS SHIPS

HERE ARE SHIPS THAT MADE HISTORY... YES... AND HELPED MAKE THE U.S. ONE OF THE MOST POTENT SEA POWERS THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN!...

"OLD IRONSIDE," THE U.S.S. CONSTITUTION! THE FIRST FAMOUS AMERICAN FIGHTING SHIP! A 44 GUN FRIGATE THAT STRUCK TERROR IN THE HEARTS OF SEA MARAUDERS DURING THE WAR OF 1812...



IN THE DAYS WHEN NEW ENGLAND CLIPPER SHIPS RULED THE TRADE ROUTES OF THE WORLD, THE "FLYING CLOUD" WAS THE QUEEN OF THESE CLIPPER SHIPS! TWICE SHE MADE THE LONG TRIP AROUND THE HORN, FROM NEW YORK TO FRISCO, IN 89 DAYS...



IN 1793, AN AMERICAN INVENTOR, ROBERT FULTON, PROVED TO SKEPTICS A STEAM-POWERED BOAT WAS PRACTICAL! HIS "CLAREMONT" WAS TO REVOLUTIONIZE SHIPPING AND TRAVEL...



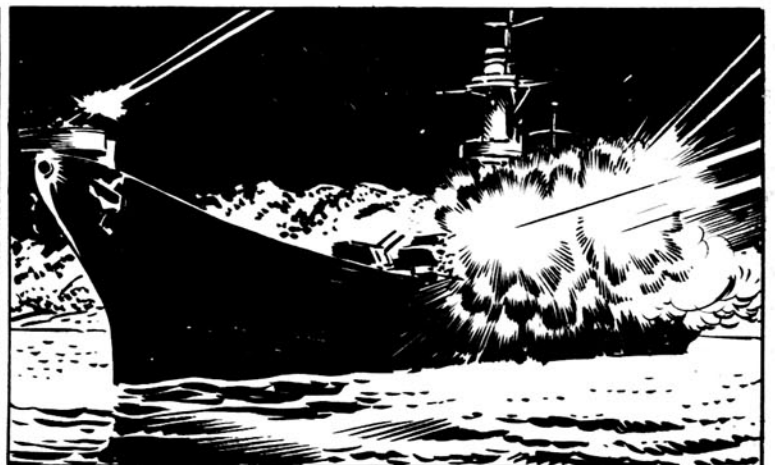
BACK WHEN SAILING VESSELS OFTEN TOOK A MONTH TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC, THE WORLD WAS STARTLED WHEN THE AMERICAN STEAMSHIP "GREAT WESTERN," MADE THE CROSSING IN 10 DAYS...



"REMEMBER THE MAINE!" THE FIERY RALLYING CRY OF AN INCENSED PEOPLE, AFTER THE BATTLESHIP MAINE WAS BLOWN UP IN HAVANA HARBOR...



AND, IN 1951, ANOTHER FAMOUS BATTLE WAGON, THE MISSOURI, FOUGHT FOR THE IDEALS OF AMERICA IN KOREAN WATERS



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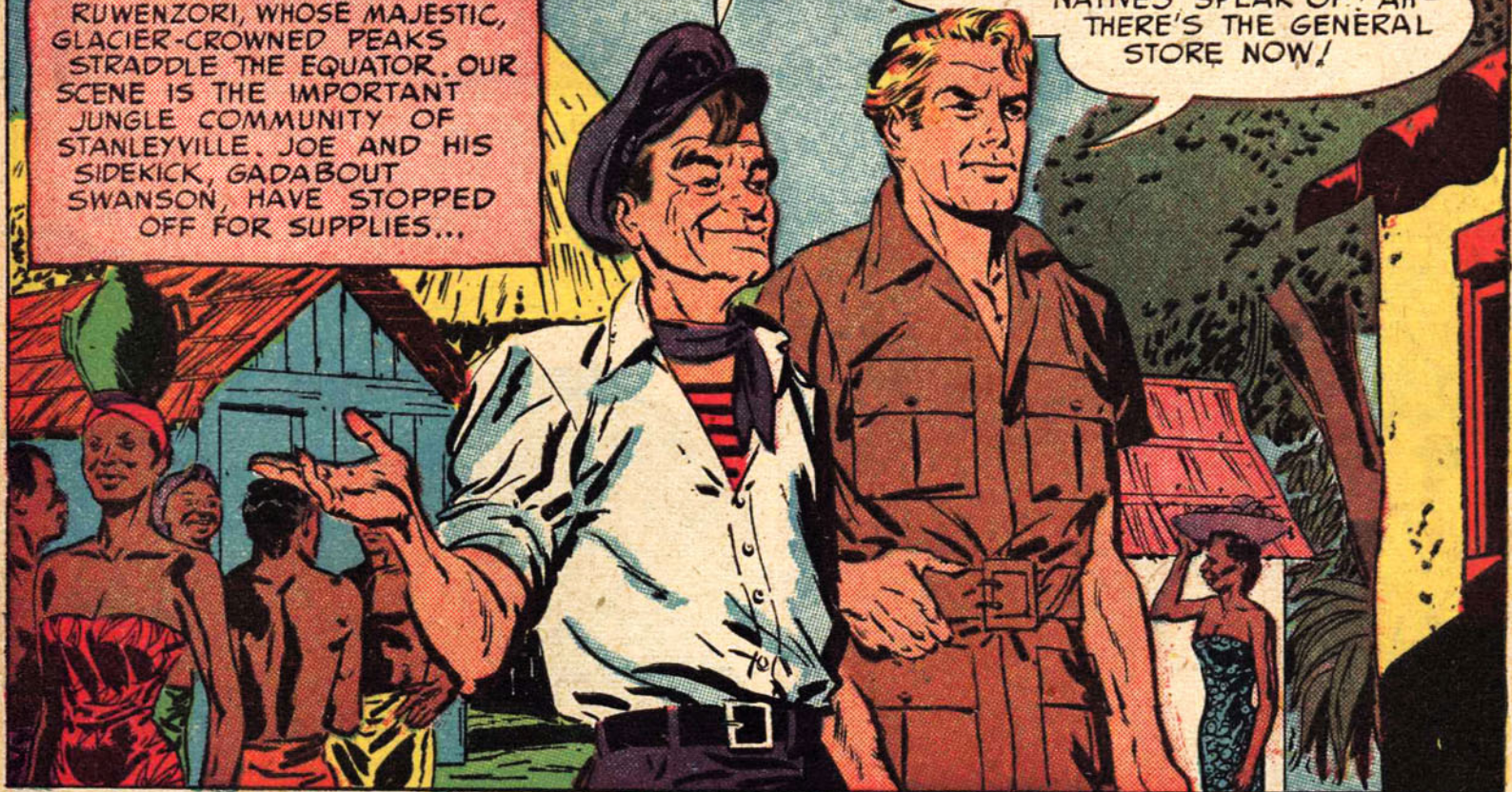
# EXPLORER JOE

## in The Mountains of the Moon!

AFRICA, LAND OF MYSTERIOUS CONTRADICTIONS! EXPLORER JOE THOMAS FOLLOWS A DIM TRAIL WHICH HE HOPES WILL LEAD HIM TO HIS FATHER. IT TAKES HIM TO THE "MOUNTAIN WHICH IS NOT THERE." THE RUWENZORI, WHOSE MAJESTIC, GLACIER-CROWNED PEAKS STRADDLE THE EQUATOR. OUR SCENE IS THE IMPORTANT JUNGLE COMMUNITY OF STANLEYVILLE. JOE AND HIS SIDEKICK, GADABOUT SWANSON, HAVE STOPPED OFF FOR SUPPLIES...

WELL, HERE WE ARE, JOE-- STANLEYVILLE! DO YA SUPPOSE YER FATHER IS AROUND THESE PARTS?

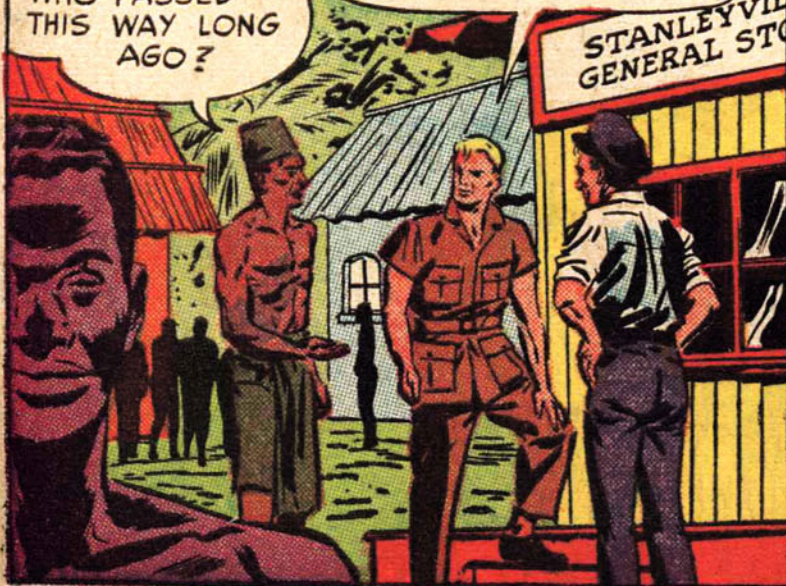
THE NATIVES ON THE COAST SPOKE OF A WHITE MAN IN THE VICINITY OF THE RUWENZORI! THOUGH MY FATHER WAS LOST SOMEWHERE IN THE CONGO TWENTY YEARS AGO, I AM CONVINCED HE'S STILL ALIVE... HE MAY BE THE WHITE MAN THE NATIVES SPEAK OF! AH-- THERE'S THE GENERAL STORE NOW!



YOU WHITE BWANA WHO SEEKS ANOTHER WHITE BWANA WHO PASSED THIS WAY LONG AGO?

YES, AND IF YOU LEAD ME TO THE OTHER WHITE BWANA I SEEK, I SHALL PAY YOU MUCH GOLD!

STANLEYVILLE  
GENERAL STORE



DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP, JOE! HE MAY HAVE HEARD ABOUT YOU OVER THE "JUNGLE TELEGRAPH." YOU KNOW HOW NEWS TRAVELS IN THE CONGO!

I CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS ANY CHANCE! HOW CAN WE FIND THIS WHITE MAN?

ONLY MY FATHER, WISEST OF THE SELANGI, REMEMBERS WHEN HE PASSED THIS WAY! I WILL TAKE YOU TO MY FATHER, BWANA! COME!

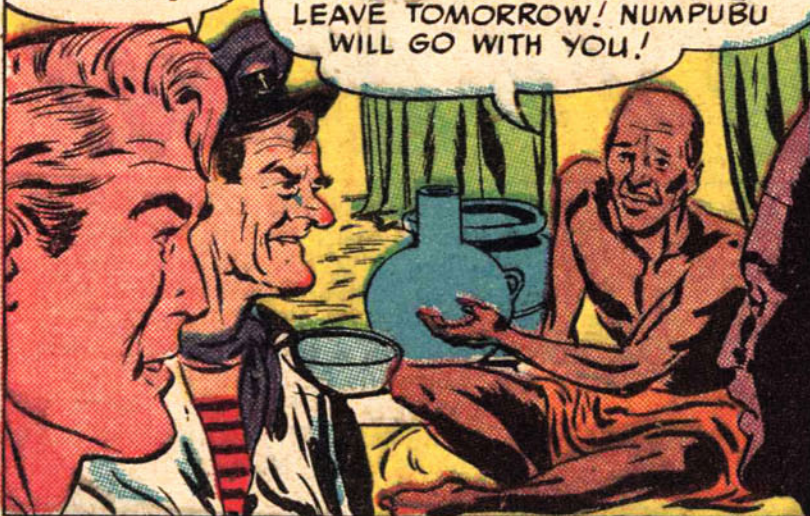




AT THE SELANGI VILLAGE...

WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME OF THE WHITE BWANA WHO PASSED THIS WAY LONG AGO, WISE SELANGI?

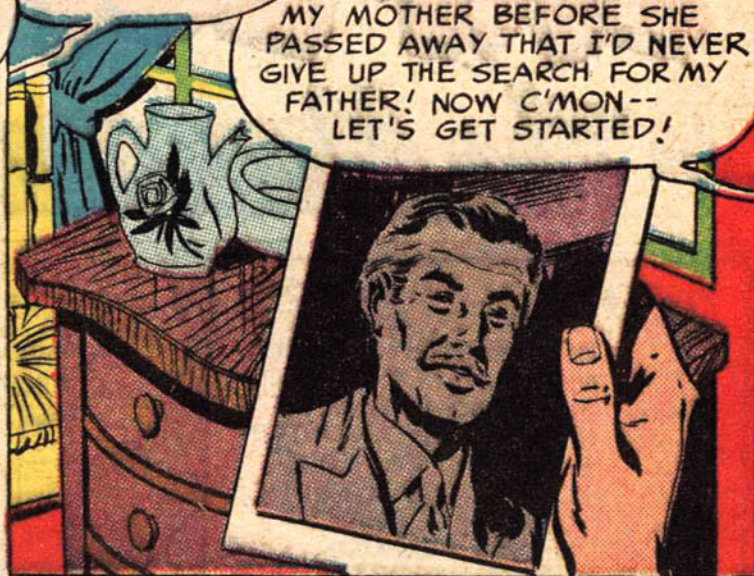
TALL AS A TREE HE WAS, BWANA! SLENDER, TOO, AND WITH A GOLDEN BEARD! IF YOU WOULD FIND HIM, YOU MUST TAKE THE ROAD TO THE MOUNTAIN WHICH IS NOT THERE! YOU LEAVE TOMORROW! NUMPUBU WILL GO WITH YOU!



THE NEXT MORNING AT THEIR HOTEL...

BUT, JOE, HOW CAN YOU BE SURE IT'S THE SAME MAN?

I HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING, BUT I MUST FOLLOW THIS LEAD, GADABOUT! I PROMISED MY MOTHER BEFORE SHE PASSED AWAY THAT I'D NEVER GIVE UP THE SEARCH FOR MY FATHER! NOW C'MON-- LET'S GET STARTED!



SAY, JOE! HERE COMES THE LITTLE JUNGLE MESSENGER!

BWANA! BY GOOD FORTUNE, HERE IS A MAN WHO CAN GUIDE YOU TO THE MOUNTAIN!

HANS VAN GROOT AT YOUR SERVICE! I CAN TAKE YOU TO THE RUWENZORI, IF THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE HEADED!

YOU AN EXPERIENCED GUIDE? KNOW HOW TO PACK PROVISIONS, GET BEARERS AND ALL?

I KNOW THE RUWENZORI COUNTRY AS WELL AS ANY MAN--IF NOT BETTER!

OKAY, VAN GROOT, YOU'LL LEAD THE WAY!



THIS SHOULD COVER EVERYTHING. THERE'S A BONUS AT THE END OF THE TRIP IF EVERYTHING GOES WELL!

I'LL START HIRING BEARERS AT ONCE!

AND I'LL JUST STAY WITH YOU TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T FORGET ANYTHING!

JUST AS SOON AS I GET MY BEARERS LINED UP, WE'LL BE BACK FOR THE SUPPLIES!

THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO MAKE A TRIP TO A MOUNTAIN WHICH ISN'T THERE AND NOW THIS GUY IS BUYING WINTER CLOTHES AT THE EQUATOR! I DON'T GET IT!





**BARELY HAS THE SAFARI LEFT STANLEYVILLE WHEN TROUBLE STARTS...**



I AM NOT SO FOOLISH! I DO NOT GO TO THAT PLACE! IT IS CURSED!

AYE, THE GODS DO NOT MEAN FOR MEN TO REACH THAT MOUNTAIN OR THEY WOULD NOT HAVE HIDDEN IT OR COVERED IT WITH SALT!

YOU'LL GO WHERE YOU'RE TOLD AND DO **WHAT** YOU'RE TOLD, OR--

NONE OF THAT, VAN GROOT. NOBODY GOES ON MY EXPEDITIONS EXCEPT OF THEIR OWN FREE WILL! LET 'EM GO, WE'LL MANAGE WITHOUT 'EM!



AS THE PARTY MOVES ALONG, A MENACING CLOUD HANGS OVER THEM...

SUDDENLY, LIKE A SYMBOL OF HOPE, THE CLOUDS ARE BLOWN ASIDE, AND IN THE DISTANCE...



JOE, I DON'T LIKE IT! WE'VE HEARD TALK ABOUT A MOUNTAIN, BUT WE'RE FOUR DAYS OUT AND STILL ON LEVEL GROUND!

I KNOW! THE WEATHER'S BEEN AGAINST US, TOO... MISTY AND THREATENING. BUT WE'VE GOT TO STICK IT OUT, GADABOUT! I WON'T REST UNTIL I FIND MY FATHER!



THERE YOU ARE, MR. SWANSON! QUITE A SIGHT ISN'T IT? ETERNAL SNOWS ATOP THE EQUATOR! THE NATIVES DON'T KNOW WHAT SNOW IS, SO THEY THINK THE GLACIERS ARE SALT!



ONLY FOR A FEW WEEKS IN SPRING AND IN FALL ARE THE MISTS BLOWN AWAY. THE REST OF THE YEAR ONE CAN PASS NEARBY AND NOT KNOW A MOUNTAIN IS THERE! THAT IS WHY IT IS CALLED "THE MOUNTAIN WHICH IS NOT THERE!"

WHAT DOES "RUWENZORI" MEAN?

IT IS WELL NAMED, BWANA! IN OUR LANGUAGE, "RUWENZORI" MEANS "RAINY MOUNTAIN!"



AND SO THE PARTY MOVES ON...

SEEMS TO ME FOR AN EXPERIENCED GUIDE YOU COULD'VE PICKED A BETTER TRAIL!

ALL I SAID WAS I KNEW THE TRAIL, "AS WELL AS ANY." THIS COUNTRY IS PRACTICALLY UNEXPLORED!





YOU'RE NO MORE A GUIDE THAN ANY OF THOSE BEARERS...

CAREFUL! HOW YOU TALK, OLD-TIMER!

GADABOUT! VAN GROOT! UP HERE! QUICK!

WHY DO YOU BLOCK OUR PATH, FRIEND? WE ARE ON A PEACEFUL MISSION!

I AM ZURI, THE RAIN-MAN! I HAVE GREAT MAGIC! FOR ONE BAG OF SALT AND ONE SIDE OF MEAT MY MAGIC WILL SHELTER YOU AND KEEP THE RAIN AWAY!

I'LL GIVE YOU A TASTE OF MY MAGIC, YOU THIEF!



I SAID NO ROUGH STUFF, VAN GROOT! GADABOUT, GIVE ZURI WHAT HE ASKS!



HE'S AN UGLY CUSTOMER, THAT VAN GROOT! I DON'T TRUST HIM!

THIS KIND OF LIFE DOESN'T BREED COOKIE-PUSHERS, GADABOUT! MAYBE HE'S JUST WORRIED ABOUT LOSING THE PROVISIONS!

AND SOME HOURS LATER...

MR. THOMAS! SWANSON! OVER THIS WAY! LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S BEEN LIVING UP HERE! AND IT COULDN'T BE A NATIVE! THEY'RE ALL AFRAID OF THIS TERRITORY AND WON'T GO NEAR IT!

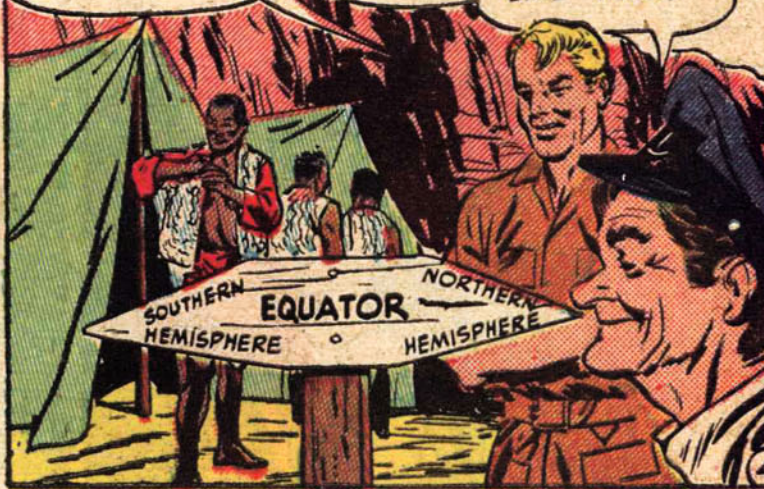
GOOD! LET'S TRY AND MAKE SOME DISTANCE, AS LONG AS THE WEATHER HOLDS FAIR!



A FEW MORE DAYS' TRAVEL BRINGS THE PARTY WITHIN THE SIGHT OF THE GLACIERS...

SEEMS STRANGE, DOESN'T IT? STANDING RIGHT ON THE EQUATOR AND SHIVERING IN THE COLD WIND OFF A GLACIER?

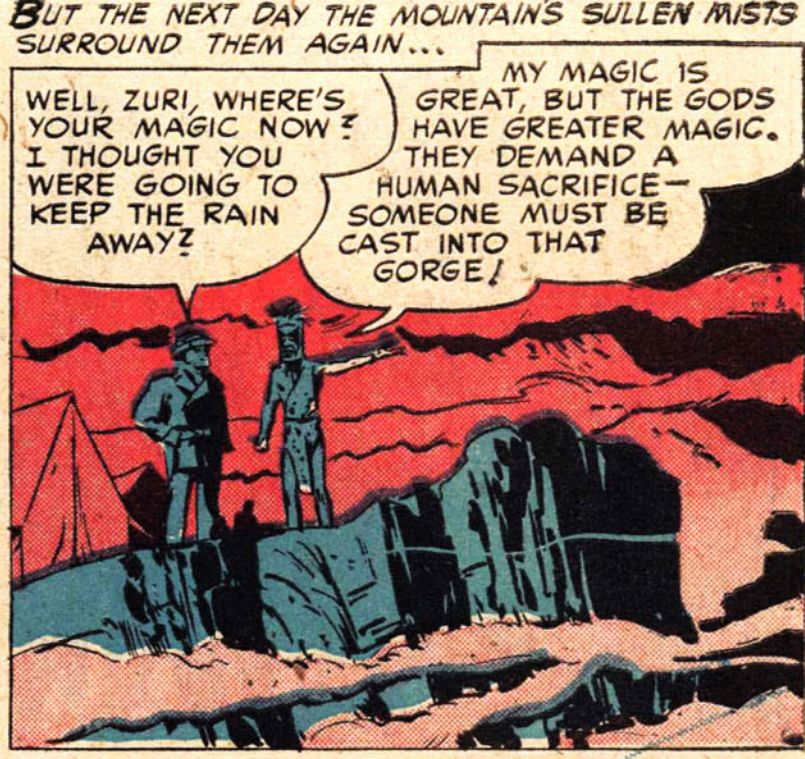
IT'S WEIRD, ALL RIGHT! I'VE BEEN UP AND DOWN ACROSS THE EQUATOR PLENTY OF TIMES, BUT NEVER IN A SPOT LIKE THIS!







YOU KNOW, THIS IS WHAT THEY CALL "THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON." THAT'S WHY THE NATIVES ARE SO SUPERSTITIOUS ABOUT IT. SUPPOSED TO BE THE SOURCE OF THE NILE RIVER!

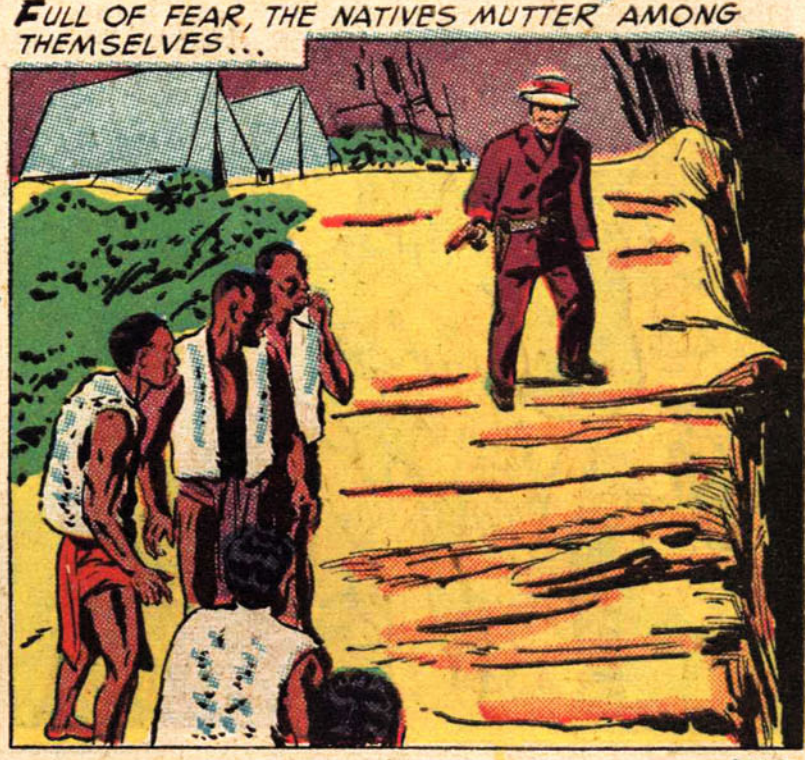


BUT THE NEXT DAY THE MOUNTAIN'S SULLEN MISTS SURROUND THEM AGAIN... MY MAGIC IS GREAT, BUT THE GODS HAVE GREATER MAGIC. THEY DEMAND A HUMAN SACRIFICE— SOMEONE MUST BE CAST INTO THAT GORGE!

WELL, ZURI, WHERE'S YOUR MAGIC NOW? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO KEEP THE RAIN AWAY?



ALL RIGHT, I'LL CALL YOUR BLUFF! BUT YOU'D BETTER GET RESULTS OR YOU'LL BE THE NEXT SACRIFICE!



FULL OF FEAR, THE NATIVES MUTTER AMONG THEMSELVES...



WHAT A RAT! HE'D LIKE TO SEE ONE OF THOSE BEARERS GO OVER THE EDGE JUST FOR THE PLEASURE OF HEARING HIM SCREAM!

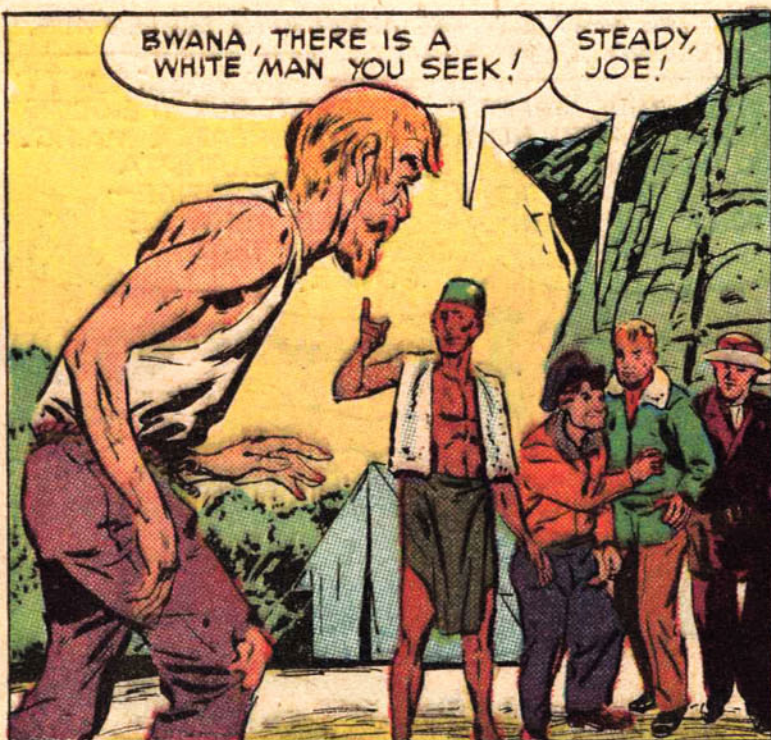
VAN GROOT HAS GONE TOO FAR!



BUT SUDDENLY... HEY, JOE! SOMETHIN'S IN THOSE BUSHES! SUPPOSE IT'S SOME WILD ANIMAL?

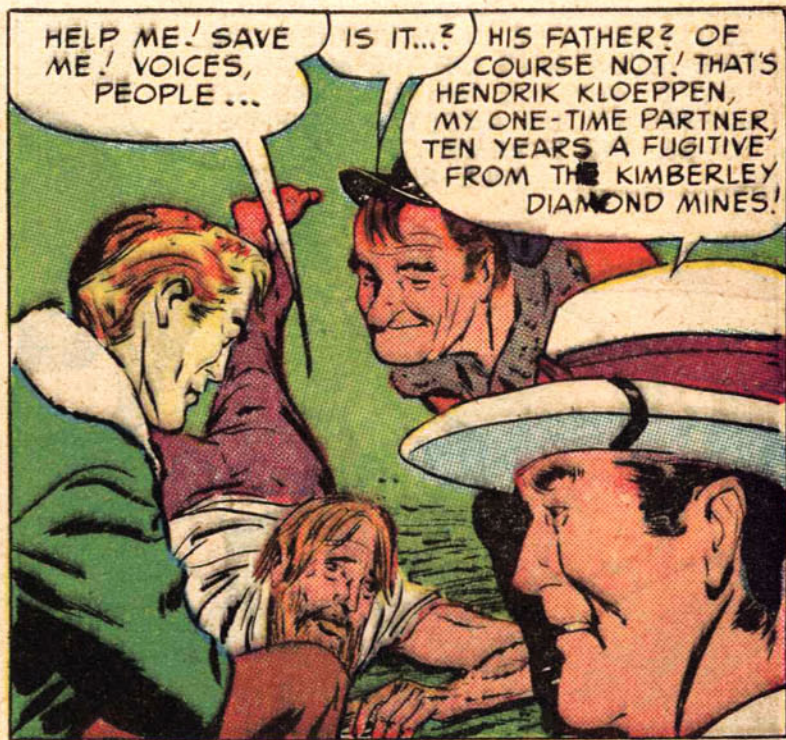
I DON'T KNOW, GADABOUT! JUST BE READY FOR ANYTHING!





BWANA, THERE IS A WHITE MAN YOU SEEK!

STEADY, JOE!



HELP ME! SAVE ME! VOICES, PEOPLE ...

IS IT...?

HIS FATHER? OF COURSE NOT! THAT'S HENDRIK KLOEPPEN, MY ONE-TIME PARTNER, TEN YEARS A FUGITIVE FROM THE KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINES!



THIS MAN NEEDS MEDICAL HELP AND FOOD, GADABOUT! BRING THAT KIT FROM MY TENT!

VAN GROOT! YOU NEVER GAVE UP--

MY DEAR PARTNER, WHY SHOULD I GIVE UP? YOU GOT AWAY WITH THE FORTUNE IN DIAMONDS. I ESCAPED, TOO, BUT IT COST ME MY ARM!

KEEP HIM AWAY! HE'S A DEVIL! DON'T LET HIM GET NEAR ME!

VAN GROOT, WHATEVER'S BETWEEN YOU TWO IS YOUR OWN AFFAIR, BUT THIS MAN NEEDS CARE AND I'M GOING TO SEE THAT HE GETS IT! GET THAT CLEAR IN YOUR MIND!



SOON, KLOEPPEN IS RESTING QUIETLY...

IT'S TRUE, WE PLANNED THE THEFT OF THE DIAMONDS! I ADMIT IT! BUT THIS RUNNING LIKE AN ANIMAL FOR TEN YEARS--AND THESE GODFORSKEN MOUNTAINS-- I'LL DO ANYTHING! GIVE BACK THE DIAMONDS, EVEN GO TO PRISON... JUST SO I CAN BE NEAR PEOPLE, AND HEAR THE SOUND OF A HUMAN VOICE...

YOU'VE KEPT THE DIAMONDS ALL THIS TIME?



I CAN'T TELL ANYONE-- NOT EVEN YOU-- TILL I GET THEM BACK TO THE OWNERS... VAN GROOT WOULD KILL ME IN A MINUTE IF HE KNEW...

CALM DOWN, AND TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP, KLOEPPEN!



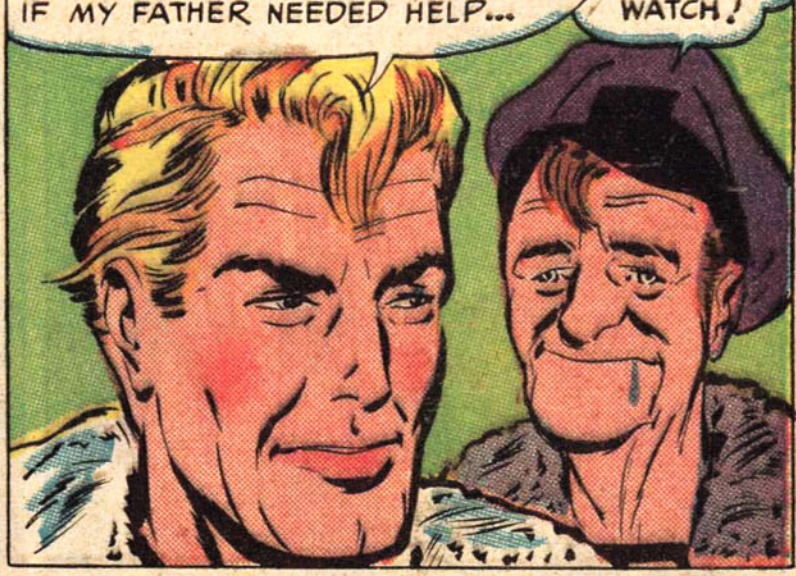


GADABOUT, WE'D BETTER TAKE TURNS STANDING WATCH. NO TELLING WHAT VAN GROOT IS LIKELY TO ATTEMPT!

ALL THIS FUSS ABOUT A THIEF...

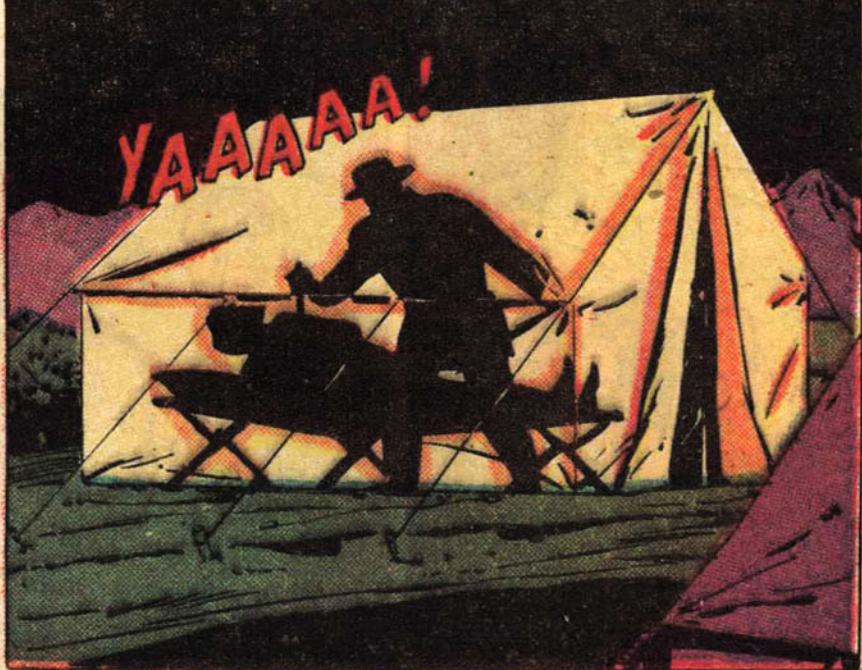
HE'S A HUMAN BEING, GADABOUT-- AND, SINCE MY OWN MISSION WAS A FAILURE, I'D LIKE TO MAKE IT COUNT FOR SOMETHING! BESIDES, I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT IF MY FATHER NEEDED HELP...

O.K., JOE, ANYTHING YOU SAY! I'LL TAKE THE FIRST WATCH!



LATER THAT NIGHT, GADABOUT IS JARRED WIDE AWAKE BY A NOISE IN THE UNDERBRUSH...

AND AS GADABOUT LEAVES HIS POST...



VAN GROOT... GOT... THE DIA-MONDS... THAT NOISE IN THE BRUSH-- THE OLDEST TRICK IN THE WORLD, AND I FELL FOR IT!

NEVER MIND THAT NOW! SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR KLOEPPEN! I'M GOING AFTER VAN GROOT!

BUT JOE IS NOT THE ONLY ONE PURSUING VAN GROOT...

BWANA! I MUST TALK TO YOU!

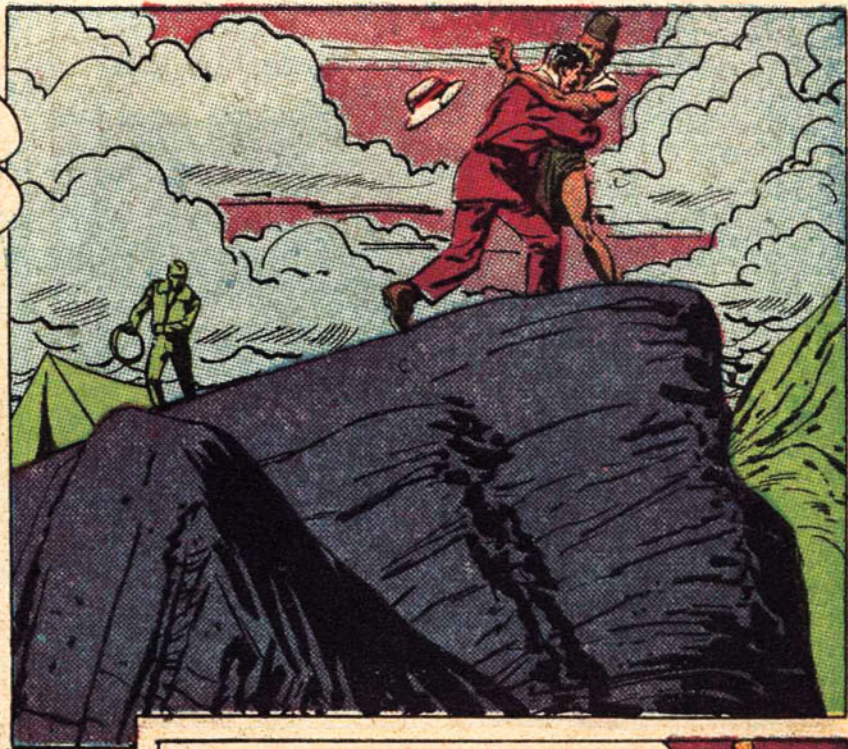
STAY AWAY, NUMPUBU, OR YOU'LL GET WHAT KLOEPPEN GOT! I'M GOING DOWN AND FAST, AND NO ONE'S GOING TO STOP ME!





THE BWANA WAS FULL OF PROMISES WHEN HE NEEDED ME TO GET THE YOUNG BWANA TO MAKE A SAFARI. NOW YOU HAVE THE STONES THAT GLITTER-- AND I WILL HAVE THE ONE YOU PROMISED ME! IT WILL BUY ME MANY OXEN, THEN I CAN TRADE THEM FOR A WIFE!

I'M WARNING YOU, NUMPUBU...



HELP! SAVE ME! HELP!



GOT YOU, NUMPUBU! CAN YOU HANG ON A MINUTE LONGER, VAN GROOT?

I-I CAN'T! I'M FALLING! I'M....



WITH VAN GROOT'S DEATH, THE ENTIRE SAFARI HAS ONE THOUGHT: TO LEAVE THE MERCILESS MOUNTAINS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE...

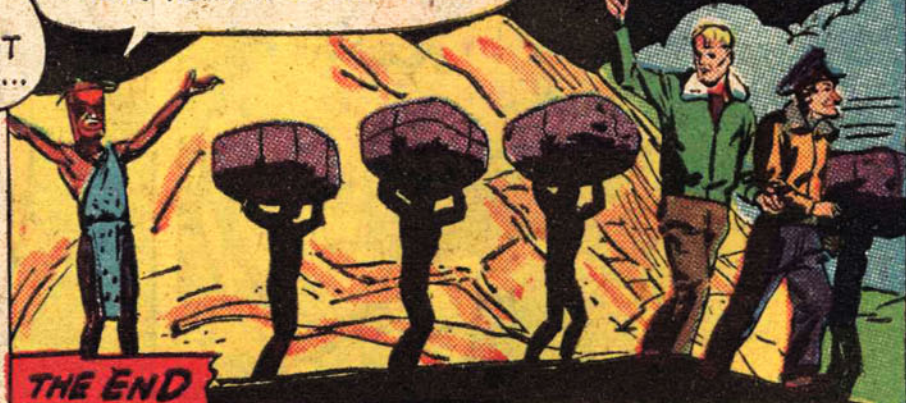
BWANA, HERE ARE THE STONES THAT GLITTER. I TOOK THEM FROM THE ONE-ARMED BWANA AS WE FOUGHT. BUT NOW THEY HAVE BLOOD ON THEM AND, I DO NOT WANT THEM. LET THE OLD ONE RETURN THEM TO THEIR TRUE OWNERS.

THAT WAS A HARD LESSON YOU HAD TO LEARN, NUMPUBU. MAYBE IF VAN GROOT HAD LEARNED IT, HE WOULDN'T LIE SMASHED TO BITS AT THE FOOT OF THE CANYON...

YOU WILL HAVE A SAFE JOURNEY BACK! THE

SUN WILL SHINE, THE PATH WILL BE CLEAR! FOR THE EVIL IS CLEAR FROM AMONG YOU, AND THE GODS OF THE RUWENZORI ARE WELL-PLEASED WITH THEIR HUMAN SACRIFICE!

SOMEWHERE, I KNOW, MY FATHER IS STILL ALIVE-- AND, SOMEDAY, I'LL FIND HIM!



THE END



# EXPLORER JOE

## in "THE SEA PEARL"

A FORTUNE IN PEARLS IN THE HOLD OF AN ILL-FATED SCHOONER SENDS EXPLORER JOE THOMAS TO THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF NEW GUINEA. THERE, THE INTREPID EXPLORER EMBARKS UPON HIS MOST HAZARDOUS ADVENTURE WHEN HE DODGES SAVAGE HEAD HUNTERS IN AN EFFORT TO LEARN THE SECRET OF... **THE SEA PEARL!**



OUR STORY OPENS ABOARD A PLANE BOUND FOR COOKTOWN, AUSTRALIA...

WE HAD GATHERED A FORTUNE IN PEARLS ABOARD THE "SEA PEARL" WHEN THE STORM BLEW UP AND SWEEPED US INTO PAPUAN BAY, JOE! THEN CAME THE HORRIBLE NATIVE ATTACK!

YOU WERE LUCKY TO ESCAPE, MR. RICHARDS! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR PARTNER, JAKE FRISBEE?

THE LAST I SAW OF JAKE, HE WAS IN THE HANDS OF NATIVES! IT WAS A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE, EVEN THOUGH JAKE DIDN'T DESERVE ANY BETTER! HE KILLED OUR FIRST MATE IN A STUPID QUARREL. LATER HE CONFESSED TO ME THAT HE WAS AN ESCAPED CONVICT!

YOU PICKED YOURSELF QUITE A PARTNER, MR. RICHARDS! HARDLY A MAN TO MEET UP WITH ON A DARK NIGHT...

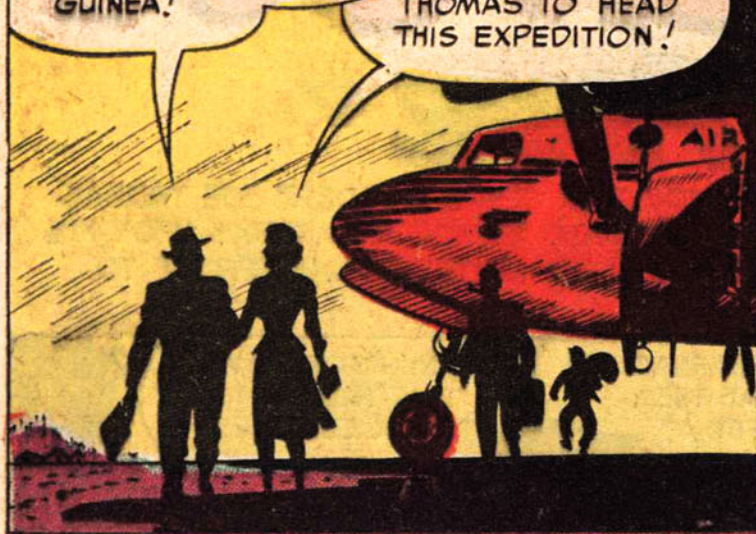




AT COOKTOWN AIR FIELD...

NOW, DON'T BE STUBBORN, LEONA! YOU'LL STAY IN COOKTOWN UNTIL WE GET BACK FROM NEW GUINEA!

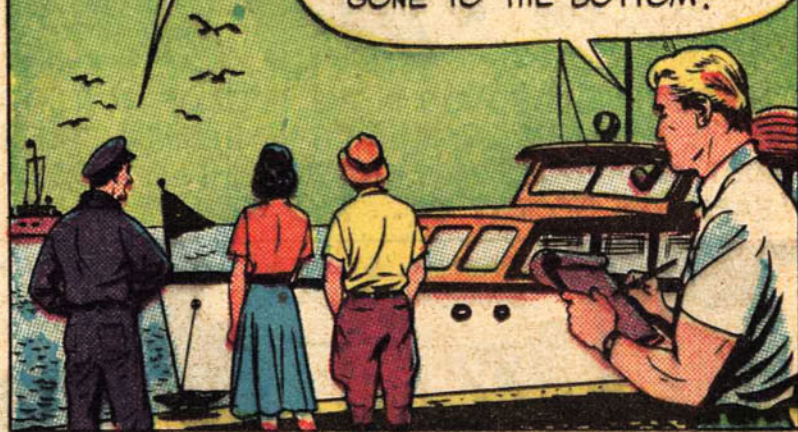
I'LL DO NOTHING OF THE SORT, DAD! DON'T FORGET IT WAS I WHO PERSUADED MR. THOMAS TO HEAD THIS EXPEDITION!



RENTING A CUTTER AT THE HARBOR, THE PARTY PREPARES FOR THE TRIP...

WELL, SHE AIN'T THE QUEEN MARY, BUT I'VE SAILED WORSE TUBS!

LET'S SEE NOW... WE'LL NEED AT LEAST A MONTH'S SUPPLY OF FOOD AND AMMUNITION, AND I'D SAY SOME DIVING EQUIPMENT! IN FIVE MONTHS YOUR SHIP'S PROBABLY GONE TO THE BOTTOM!



I HIRED ME A COUPLE OF TAEGULA ISLANDERS! THEY REALLY KNOW THEIR WAY AROUND! ALL RIGHT, COME ALONG BOAT SIDE — QUICK!

GOOD, WE'RE ALMOST READY TO SHOVE OFF!



AN HOUR LATER THEY CLEAR COOKTOWN HARBOR, AND...

KEEP HER HEADED DUE NORTH, GADABOUT! THAT'LL TAKE US TO THE BAY OF PAPUA.

AYE, AYE, SIR! NORTH IT IS! I KNOW THESE ISLANDS LIKE THE PALM OF MY HAND, JOE!



FOUR DAYS LATER...

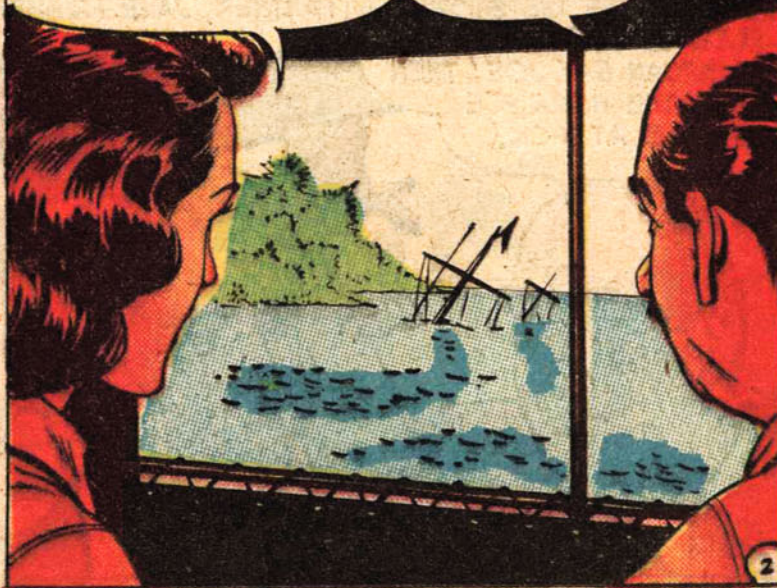
HERE'S PAPUAN BAY, MR. RICHARDS! ABOUT WHERE WAS THE 'SEA PEARL' ATTACKED?

ABOUT ONE HUNDRED YARDS OUT FROM SHORE! THERE'S NO SIGN OF IT!



DAD, THOSE MASTS STICKING OUT OF THE WATER! COULD THAT BE THE SEA PEARL?

THERE COULDN'T BE ANY MISTAKE! I'D KNOW HER ANYWHERE!

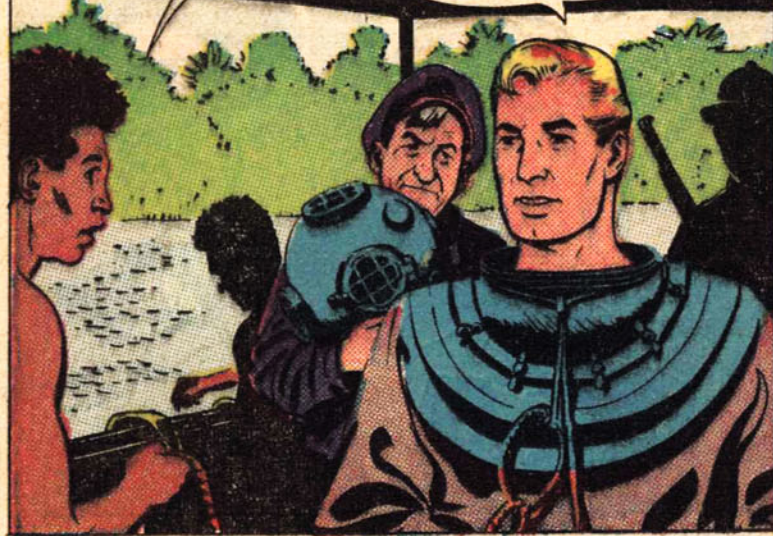




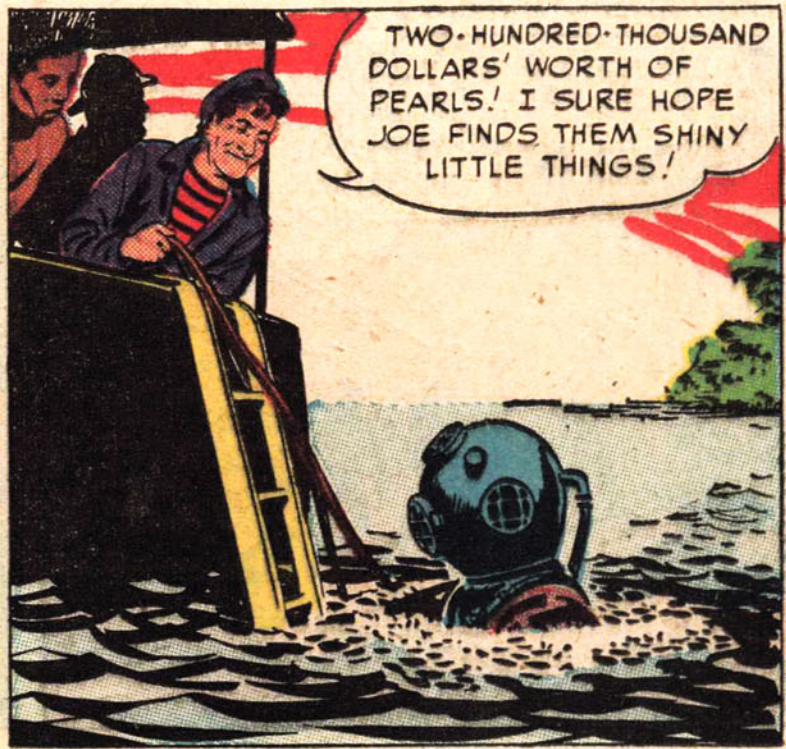
AN HOUR LATER...

ME NO LIKE ISLAND!  
BAD MEN CUT OFF  
HEADS!

THESE BOAT BOYS  
ARE RIGHT! HAVE YOUR  
WEAPONS READY AND  
KEEP A SHARP  
LOOKOUT!



TWO-HUNDRED-THOUSAND  
DOLLARS' WORTH OF  
PEARLS! I SURE HOPE  
JOE FINDS THEM SHINY  
LITTLE THINGS!



IT'S RICHARD'S SHIP,  
ALL RIGHT! THE  
NATIVES MUST HAVE  
SCUTTLED IT! NOW  
LET'S SEE WHERE THE  
CABIN IS!



I'VE FOUND THE  
CABIN! GIVE ME MORE  
SLACK! I'M GOING IN!



IT'S BEEN RIFLED!  
THE PEARLS  
ARE GONE!



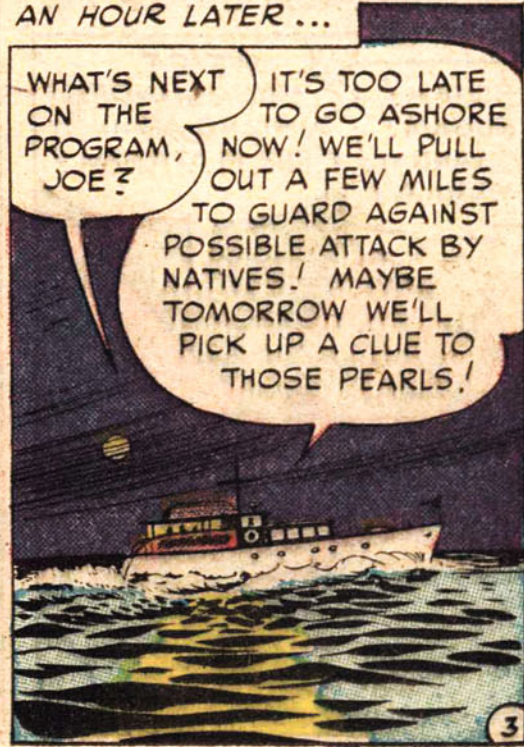
NINE THOUSAND MILES  
ON A WILD GOOSE  
CHASE! ALL RIGHT, JOE,  
WE'LL BRING YOU UP!  
NO USE SEARCHING  
ANY LONGER!



AN HOUR LATER...

WHAT'S NEXT  
ON THE  
PROGRAM,  
JOE?

IT'S TOO LATE  
TO GO ASHORE  
NOW! WE'LL PULL  
OUT A FEW MILES  
TO GUARD AGAINST  
POSSIBLE ATTACK BY  
NATIVES! MAYBE  
TOMORROW WE'LL  
PICK UP A CLUE TO  
THOSE PEARLS!





THE NEXT MORNING...

I'M NOT GOING  
BACK, DAD!

ALL RIGHT, LEONA!  
BUT I STILL THINK  
YOU'RE FOOLHARDY!  
WE'LL FOLLOW THIS  
STREAM. KEEP  
TOGETHER AND NO  
NOISE!



WHY, THAT'S OUR DIVING GEAR  
FROM THE SEA PEARL! UNSCREW  
THE HELMET, JOE!



FIVE HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE BEACH...

THE VILLAGE IS  
DESERTED... SWANSON,  
LOOK AT THAT  
PLATFORM!

A DIVER'S SUIT! IF  
ANYONE'S IN THERE,  
HE MUST BE PLUMB  
SUFFOCATED!



A NATIVE!

A NATIVE CHIEF,  
GADABOUT! BUT HOW  
IN BLAZES DID HE  
EVER GET INTO THAT  
OUTFIT?



SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE  
BRUSH...

BUGAM!  
BUGAM!  
GWANDAI!  
YAGULA!

WE'RE  
SURROUNDED!  
STAND AGAINST  
THE PLATFORM!



EEEEEEEEEE!







WHERE IS OTHER WHITE MAN? ONE WITH BLACK BEARD WHO SEND OUR CHIEF DOWN IN WATER SUIT FOR PEARLS! WHERE IS WHITE MAN WHO KILL CHIEF?

HE MUST MEAN JAKE FRISBEE!



WE COME IN PEACE! I, TOO, SEEK OTHER WHITE MAN!

YOU FIND BLACK BEARD DEAD OR ALIVE AND BRING TO VILLAGE, THEN YOUR FRIENDS GO FREE! YOU NOT BACK IN TWO DAYS, YOUR FRIENDS DIE!



THEY'RE STRIKING A BARGAIN WITH US! IF I CAN FIND JAKE, THEY'LL LET US GO!

TWO DAYS! BUT THERE ARE TEN ISLANDS TO EXPLORE IN THIS CHAIN! IT LOOKS HOPELESS, JOE!



BLACK BEARD SAIL OUT TO ISLANDS! YOU NO LAND ON **DEVIL'S ISLAND!** BIG NOISE COME - DEVILS KILL YOU!

HMM! SOUNDS LIKE A VOLCANO TO ME. BUT THESE ISLANDS AREN'T VOLCANIC!

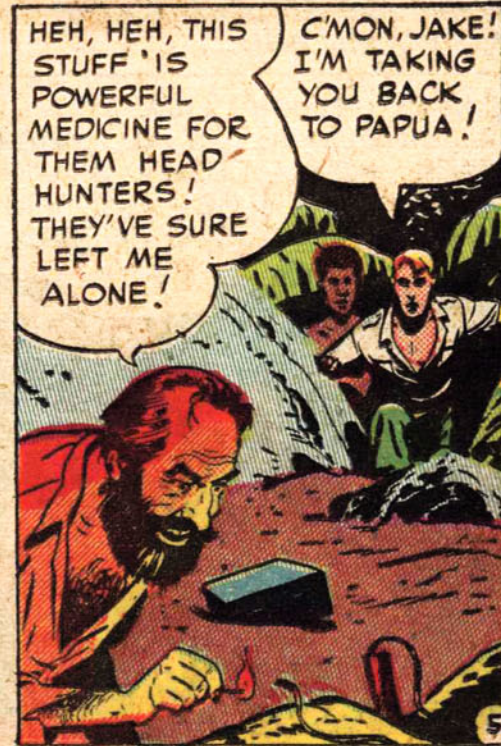
SEVERAL HOURS LATER...



HE WOULDN'T HAVE LANDED ON THESE ISLANDS! HE WOULD NEVER SURVIVE - HEY, THAT BLAST!



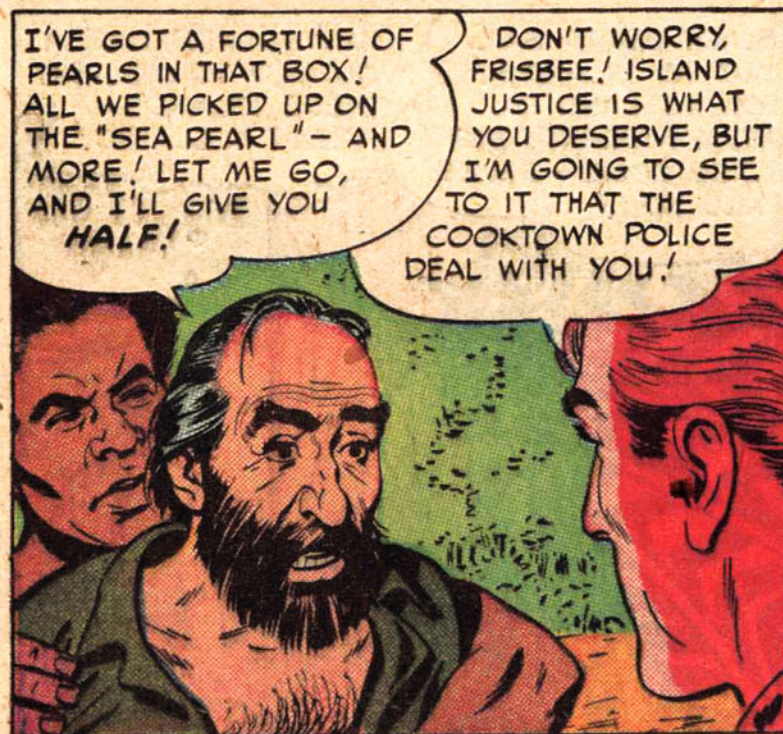
IT'S DYNAMITE! AND THAT MEANS A WHITE MAN! PROBABLY BLASTING TO SCARE OFF NATIVES!



HEH, HEH, THIS STUFF 'IS POWERFUL MEDICINE FOR THEM HEAD-HUNTERS! THEY'VE SURE LEFT ME ALONE!

C'MON, JAKE! I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO PAPUA!

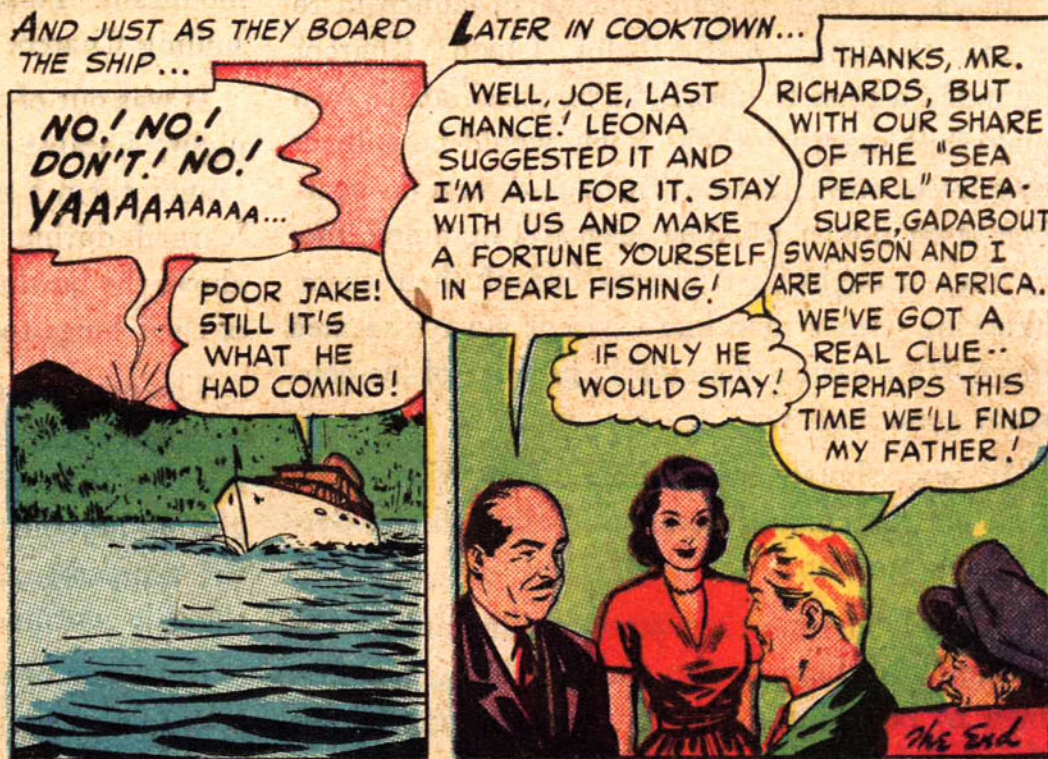




WHEN JOE RETURNS TO THE  
NATIVE VILLAGE...











# THE SMILE OF JEAN CHARCOT

**T**HE CREW of the antarctic exploration vessel "Why Not" lined the rail of the ship to beam a cheery farewell to their brave leader, Jean Charcot, and his two chief aides, as their auxiliary launch chugged through the ice floes toward Berthelot Island.

It was November of 1909, and already they had come through many a narrow escape in their journey to the South Pole, but the ever-smiling countenance of their leader had given them a confidence now that could not be shaken.

Now, as the crew members settled back to their shipboard chores somewhere off Point Precision, they knew their leader would find a way out for them through this icebound region that held them fast.

Charcot and his two observers had stowed away enough food for a single meal. It was their aim to be back by evening with notes on this uncharted region which would open the eyes of the civilized world, and get the "Why Not" safely home.

Had Charcot or his crew members even dreamed of the ordeal that awaited the intrepid explorer they would not, perhaps, have felt so light-hearted.

It was no trick to guide the small launch in to a safe landing on Berthelot Island. Charcot hummed a tune to himself as he gazed at his own makeshift map, which he knew would be subject to a lot of corrections when he took certain bearings from the island. The scientists hummed, too, as they brought instruments out of their cases. Working with a man like Charcot always seemed more like pleasure than work, because of his constant good humor.

It was shortly after high noon when they beached the auxiliary craft and climbed the Berthelot Mountain.

For a long time they stood spellbound on the summit, drinking in the thrill of being the first men to behold the eternal ice stretching to the South Pole from that point.

Then they sat down to lunch. The keen air had sharpened their appetites and they ate everything in the provisions kit except a tin of beef, two sticks of chocolate, two biscuits and a flask of rum.

Scarcely had they finished eating when snow clouds had formed abruptly overhead and large flakes were beginning to fall in ever-increasing proportion. In a moment, all visibility of the important channels they sought for the return to the ship was blotted out.

Quickly they rushed back to the auxiliary launch. When they got there, panic spread over the faces of Charcot's two aides. A solid pack of ice had moved in, damaging the launch. They were now definitely cut off from the "Why Not."

Wildly the two scientists turned their gaze to Charcot, and almost immediately they found relief. There was a warm twinkle in the Frenchman's eyes, and a confident smile curled his lips.

"We'll just find the most magnificent hotel on Berthelot Island," he chuckled, "and request their finest suite for the evening."

Whereupon they struggled against the freezing gale to reach an overhanging ledge halfway up the mountain. This was the "hotel suite" that the smiling Charcot had in mind.

It was out of the question to think of sleep that night, because of the bitter cold. So Charcot taught them a new set of seafaring songs he had learned during a recent trip to Labrador. And above the howling gale, three men sang at the top of their lungs to keep from freezing to death.

The next morning it was so cold when the three men got up to stretch their numbed and aching muscles that even Jean Charcot had trouble in getting his spirits aroused. Both the visibility and the temperature had dropped still further while the gale continued to rise.

But Charcot was far from defeated. He recalled a couple of amusing jokes on himself that happened on an earlier expedition. The two half-frozen



aides tried hard to laugh, but it was more of an attempt to humor Charcot than mirth on their part.

"Don't worry about food," chuckled Charcot. "I'll have dinner ready in a moment."

And with great ceremony, like a chef in a famous French restaurant, he proceeded to serve a cake of chocolate and a biscuit divided three ways!

All day the temperature remained at zero. At night it plummeted twenty degrees below that mark.

Slowly and painfully, Charcot pulled himself up to the mountaintop and made an observation.

"The storm is beginning to subside," he said at length. "It's time we look for the auxiliary launch and see if she's seaworthy."

Once again they tasted the bitter dregs of defeat as they found the frail craft wedged between a rock and an ice floe with several planks damaged.

Behind Charcot's good-humored needling, the half-starved men made a superhuman effort to forget their ills, and plunged into the task of pulling the craft free; patching her with the emergency repair kit.

The two gaunt, hollow-eyed aides marveled at Charcot's carefree smile as he got ready to spin the flywheel. His grin seemed to captivate the engine, for it coughed and sputtered into action on the first try.

The men pounded one another on the back as they began to chug through the channel.

But a hundred feet farther stark disaster overtook them again as the motor gasped and died abruptly, never to start again.

Charcot laughed abruptly as he read the despair on the faces of his two exhausted, starved colleagues.

"Gentlemen," he said, "if I was a cartoonist, I should love to do your caricatures. They would be so eloquently tragic. And I'm sure in turn you could do a grotesque one of my own foolish face. In that way, at least, we could pass along to civilization a few chuckles."

The two lieutenants hung their heads, this time too dispirited to laugh.

"Come," said Charcot patting them each on the back. "We have no choice now. We must abandon the boat and try it on foot to Cape Luxen. Perhaps

from there we might be able to signal the ship."

Now the two aides looked at the hollow-eyed, shivering Charcot and realized what made him one of the greatest explorers in the world. This man had a courage and a spirit that could not be shaken by lack of food, the elements, or a lost ship. By now, they too began to feel a sort of confidence they could not back up with food or any hope of finding the "Why Not."

It was morning again, and colder than ever as they consumed their last remaining food—a bit of chocolate and a piece of meat for each man.

"Only forty-eight hours more," moaned one of the aides. "That's the limit of our endurance at the rate we've been taking food. The human body can't endure after that."

"Forget about forty-eight hours," roared Jean Charcot, no longer smiling. "Something has got to happen before then, and we're going to see that it does!"

Convinced that Charcot was now losing his reasoning powers, the two aides trudged on in grim silence behind him as they staggered across the ice.

All at once Charcot halted abruptly in front of them and held up his hand for silence.

"Listen," he breathed. "Do you hear what I hear?"

The two bearded, palefaced assistants listened for a moment, and then their eyes widened as they stared at each other. It was the first sound they had heard, apart from the sea and ice, since they had been stranded. It was the sound of the ship's siren. The sturdy "Why Not" was smashing her way through the ice in an effort to reach Berthelot Island where the party was known to be headed.

"I can't believe it," mumbled one of the aides, unabashed at the tears streaming down his cheeks.

Then they each shook hands with their courageous leader.

"If it wasn't for your great courage we would have perished within twenty-four hours," they said.

"Nonsense," he said, "all it takes is two ingredients—faith and hope."

Then he added with a twinkle in his eye:

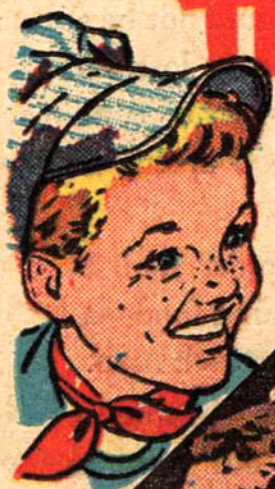
"I might add that a bit of luck now and then doesn't hurt, either."

THE END



Here it is fellas! send for it **NOW!**

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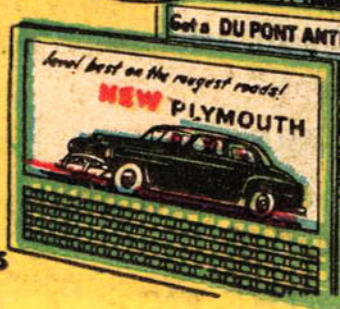
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# The GALLANT FAILURE

THE STORY OF  
**ROBERT F. SCOTT**

CAPTAIN ROBERT F. SCOTT, THE INTREPID BRITISH EXPLORER, HAD SEEN THE ANTARCTIC AT ITS WORST ON A PREVIOUS EXPEDITION IN 1900. BUT IN JUNE, 1910, HE SET SAIL ONCE AGAIN, ON WHAT WAS TO BE HIS GREATEST MISSION: THE PLANTING OF THE UNION JACK AT THE SOUTH POLE. HIS SHIP, THE "TERRA NOVA" IS JUST ENTERING ROSS SEA WITHIN THE ANTARCTIC CIRCLE...



UGLY WEATHER, LIEUTENANT BOWERS! THE TERRA NOVA IS A STRONG SHIP, BUT ROSS SEA CAN SHATTER ANY VESSEL!

I HOPE WE CAN CLEAR THE ICE PACK AND MAKE LAND SOON, CAPTAIN!

BUT SUDDENLY...

BATTEN DOWN THOSE HATCHES! CHECK THE LIFE LINES! ALL MEN ON DECK!

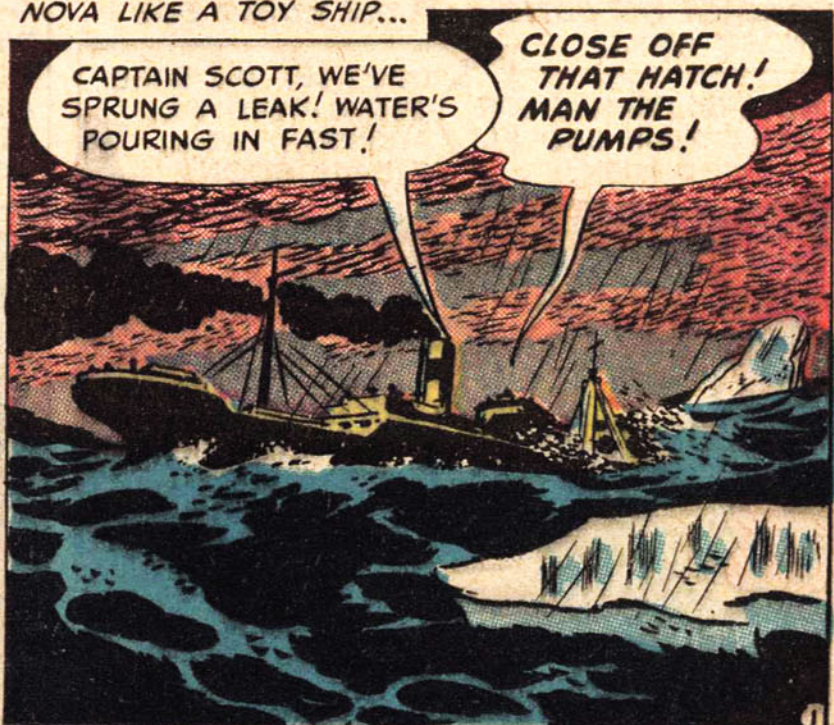
AYE, AYE, SIR!



THE MOUNTAINOUS SEAS BUFFETED THE TERRA NOVA LIKE A TOY SHIP...

CAPTAIN SCOTT, WE'VE SPRUNG A LEAK! WATER'S POURING IN FAST!

CLOSE OFF THAT HATCH! MAN THE PUMPS!







THE PUMPS HAVE BROKEN DOWN!

THEN WE'LL BAIL WITH OUR HANDS! AND KEEP ON BAILING!



THE NEXT MORNING...

THE STORM'S BREAKING UP, BUT THE ICE FLOES ARE GETTING THICKER ALL THE TIME. WE'LL HAVE THE DEVIL'S OWN TIME GETTING THROUGH!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

REVERSE MOTORS! WE CAN'T GET THROUGH THIS ICE WITHOUT WRECKING THE SHIP! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HER BACK TO CAPE EVANS AND START OVERLAND FROM THERE!

BUT, CAPTAIN, THAT WILL MAKE THE TRIP TO THE SOUTH POLE TWO HUNDRED MILES LONGER!



WHEN THE TERRA NOVA HAD BEEN UNLOADED AT CAPE EVANS...

THIS WILL BE OUR BASE! TAKE THE SHIP OUT TO CLEAR WATER, AND FIND A HARBOR! WHEN THE WEATHER BREAKS, COME BACK HERE!

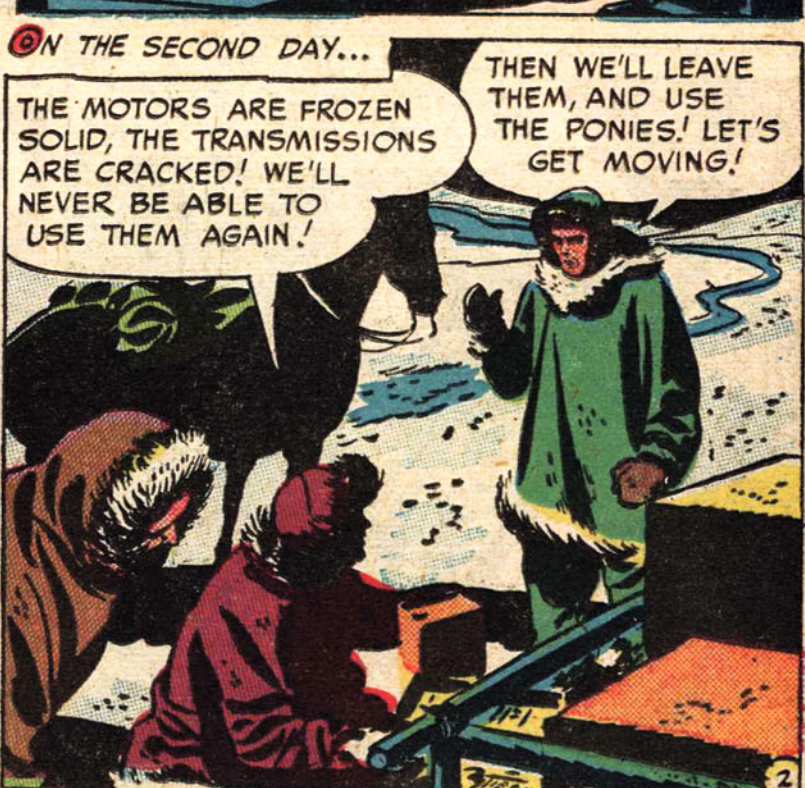
YES, SIR! AND GOOD LUCK ON YOUR TREK TO THE POLE!



IN NOVEMBER 1911, THE FORTY-MAN EXPEDITION TO REACH THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD GOT UNDER WAY...

WE'LL BE PRAYING FOR YOU, CAPTAIN SCOTT! GOOD LUCK!

DON'T LET THE BASE BLOW AWAY, DR. ATKINSON! WE'LL BE BACK SOON!



ON THE SECOND DAY...

THE MOTORS ARE FROZEN SOLID, THE TRANSMISSIONS ARE CRACKED! WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO USE THEM AGAIN!

THEN WE'LL LEAVE THEM, AND USE THE PONIES! LET'S GET MOVING!



**WEEKS PASSED...**

THE POOR BEASTS  
ARE FINISHED!  
FIFTY BELOW—  
THEY CAN'T BREATHE!

TOO BAD! WE'LL HAVE  
TO SHOOT THEM AND  
PUT THEM OUT OF  
THEIR MISERY! IT'S  
STILL ONE HUNDRED  
AND FIFTY MILES TO  
THE POLE!



DR. WILSON, LT. BOWERS, OATES AND EVANS WILL  
PUSH ON WITH ME! YOU MEN ARE OUR LAST  
SUPPORT PARTY! TELL THEM BACK AT THE BASE  
THAT WE'RE IN FINE SHAPE, AND WILL  
JOIN THEM SOON!



WELL, MEN, WE'VE PASSED  
**THE EIGHTY-NINTH PARALLEL!**  
ANOTHER DAY SHOULD  
BRING US TO THE SOUTH  
POLE! WE'LL BE THE  
FIRST MEN TO STAND AT  
THE BOTTOM OF THE  
WORLD!

WE'VE BEEN LUCKY  
WITH THE WEATHER,  
CAPTAIN! IF IT  
STAYS THIS WAY,  
WE SHOULD BE  
BACK AT THE BASE  
IN TWO MONTHS!



**MEANWHILE, IN ROSS SEA, THE MEN ON THE TERRA  
NOVA MAKE A STARTLING DISCOVERY...**

I KNOW THAT SHIP! IT'S THE "FRAN,"  
AMUNDSEN'S SHIP! BUT HE WAS  
SUPPOSED TO BE HEADING FOR  
THE **NORTH POLE!**



**FINALLY, ON JANUARY 18, 1912,  
SCOTT'S PARTY REACHED  
THE POLE, AND...**

IT LOOKS LIKE A FLAG,  
CAPTAIN, BUT IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!



**IT WAS AMUNDSEN!**  
HE WAS HERE  
EXACTLY A  
**MONTH AGO!**  
WE'VE COME OUT  
**SECOND BEST,**  
CAPTAIN!

YES, I'VE SEEN  
HIS ABANDONED  
TENTS! OUR EXPEDITION  
HAS HAD BAD LUCK  
FROM THE VERY  
BEGINNING! LET'S  
START BACK  
IMMEDIATELY!



I...I CAN'T GO  
ON, CAPTAIN! MY  
LEGS WON'T  
CARRY ME! DON'T  
WAIT FOR ME!

NONSENSE,  
EVANS, WE'LL  
PITCH CAMP  
AND WAIT  
UNTIL YOU'VE  
RECOVERED!





**BUT ON THE FOLLOWING DAY...**

EVANS WAS A GOOD MAN. HE DIED BRAVELY!

YES! AND NOW I FEAR FOR OATES! HIS FEET ARE BADLY FROST BITTEN, AND THE TEMPERATURE IS STILL DROPPING!

OATES, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? COME BACK!

COUGH! COUGH! I'LL BE... BACK IN A MOMENT, SIR!



**BUT OATES NEVER RETURNED! RATHER THAN HOLD HIS COMPANIONS BACK HE FACED DEATH IN THE FROZEN WASTES ALONE...**

**NO FURTHER ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO LEAVE THE TENT. THE GALLANT TRIO WAS UNABLE TO MOVE...**

WE CAN'T CONTINUE IN THIS BLIZZARD! LET'S LAY OVER AT THE SUPPLY DUMP UNTIL IT BLOWS ITSELF OUT!

I CAN'T FEEL MY LEGS BELOW MY KNEES!



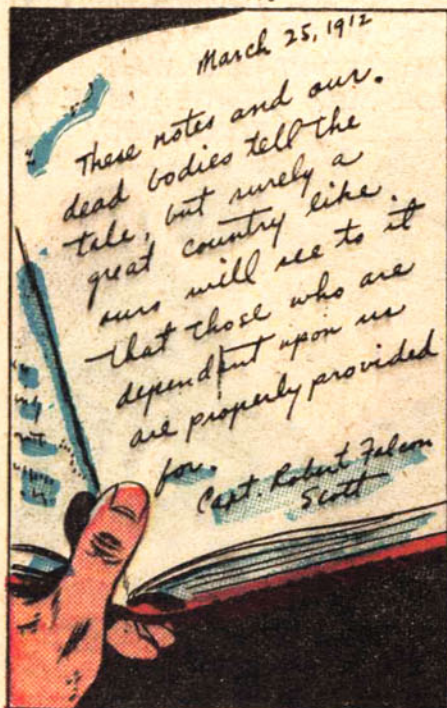
FINGERS STIFF!.. CAN'T WRITE ANY MORE! I GUESS WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT BACK!



**DEATH REIGNED IN THE CRUDE TENT, AND OUTSIDE THE BLIZZARD HOWLED ITS FUNERAL DIRGE...**

**NOT UNTIL NOVEMBER WAS A RESCUE PARTY ABLE TO BREAK THROUGH THE FROZEN WASTES TO REACH THE ILL-FATED SCOTT AND HIS COMRADES...**

**THE WORLD DID NOT FORGET! CAPTAIN SCOTT. HIS COUNTRY HONORED HIM WITH KNIGHTHOOD AND THOSE EXPLORERS WHO NOW CROSS THAT HEARTBREAK TRAIL WHICH SCOTT FIRST TRUDGED, ALWAYS PAUSE TO PAY HOMAGE TO HIS FINAL RESTING PLACE...**



**WE'LL BURY THEM HERE! THEY BELONG TO THE ANTARCTIC!**

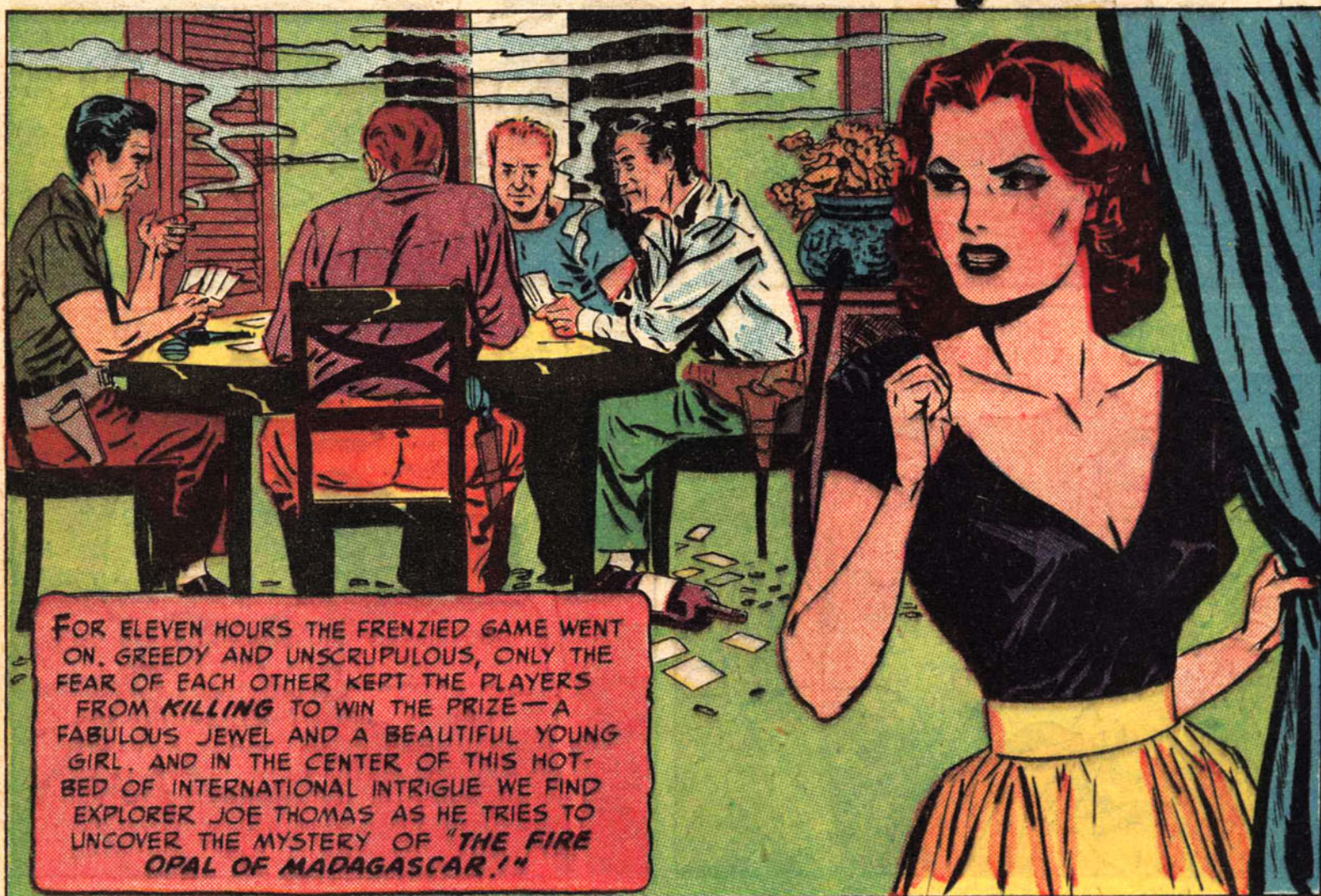


*The End*



# EXPLORER JOE

## in *The Fire Opal of Madagascar*



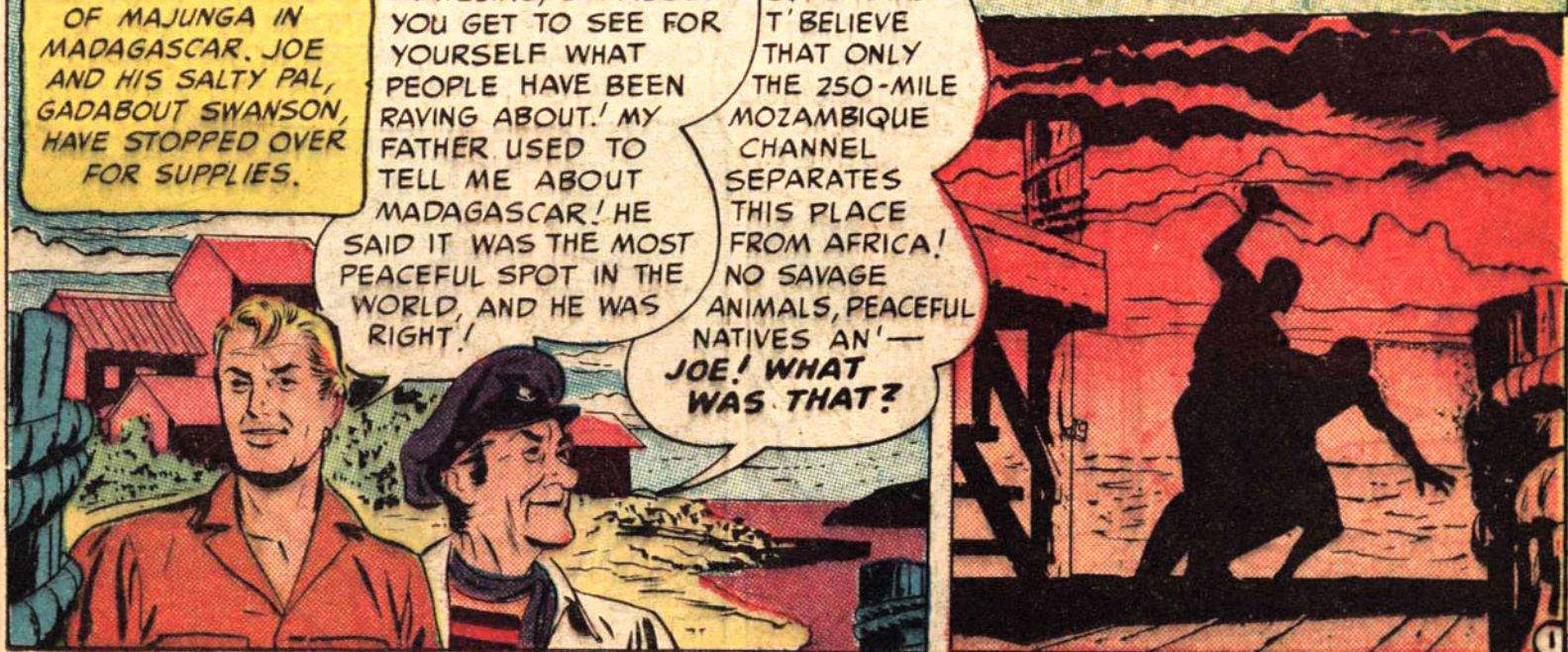
FOR ELEVEN HOURS THE FRENZIED GAME WENT ON. GREEDY AND UNSCRUPULOUS, ONLY THE FEAR OF EACH OTHER KEPT THE PLAYERS FROM **KILLING** TO WIN THE PRIZE—A FABULOUS JEWEL AND A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL. AND IN THE CENTER OF THIS HOT-BED OF INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE WE FIND EXPLORER JOE THOMAS AS HE TRIES TO UNCOVER THE MYSTERY OF "THE FIRE OPAL OF MADAGASCAR!"

WE ARE IN THE PORT OF MAJUNGA IN MADAGASCAR. JOE AND HIS SALTY PAL, GADABOUT SWANSON, HAVE STOPPED OVER FOR SUPPLIES.

ONE THING ABOUT TRAVELING, GADABOUT... YOU GET TO SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT PEOPLE HAVE BEEN RAVING ABOUT. MY FATHER USED TO TELL ME ABOUT MADAGASCAR! HE SAID IT WAS THE MOST PEACEFUL SPOT IN THE WORLD, AND HE WAS RIGHT!

AYE! IT'S SURE HARD T' BELIEVE THAT ONLY THE 250-MILE MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL SEPARATES THIS PLACE FROM AFRICA! NO SAVAGE ANIMALS, PEACEFUL NATIVES AN'—  
**JOE! WHAT WAS THAT?**

AT THE END OF THE WHARF A BLOOD-CHILLING SCENE TAKES PLACE...

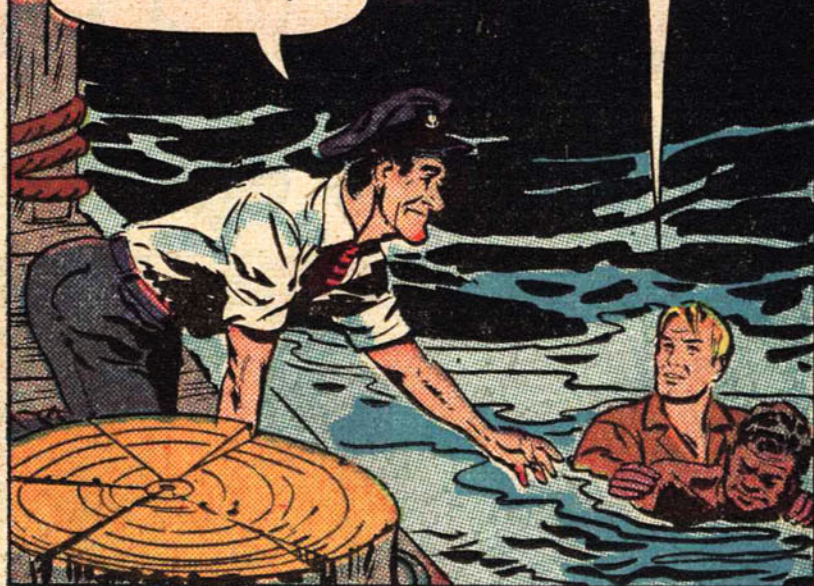




**AFTER HIM, GADABOUT!**  
I'LL GET THE ONE IN THE  
WATER! I CAN HEAR HIM  
SPLASHING!



HE GOT AWAY, JOE! I LOST  
HIM IN THOSE CROOKED  
LITTLE STREETS BEHIND  
THE DOCKS! LET ME GIVE  
YA A HAND!



OKAY, BUT BE  
CAREFUL - HE'S  
IN BAD SHAPE!

HE'S COMING TO,  
JOE, BUT HE'S  
PRETTY FAR  
GONE!

SHHH! LISTEN, HE'S  
TRYING TO TELL US  
SOMETHING!



TORTU... COME... TO... BRING...  
HELP! TAKE BAG...  
QUICKLY! TOUSSAINT  
PLANTATION! MISSY  
TOUS-SAINT... IN ...  
DANGER... OHHHHHH...

... HE'S  
DEAD...



**BACK IN THEIR HOTEL ROOM, JOE AND GADABOUT  
OPEN THE LITTLE BAG TO FIND...**

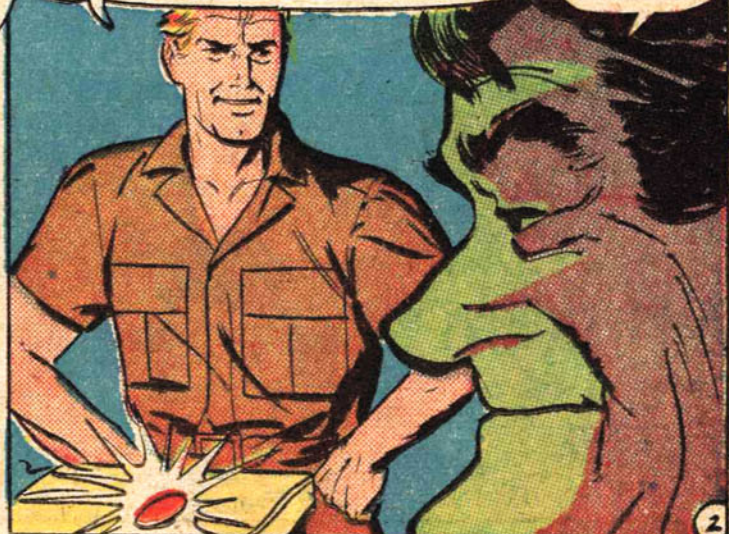
**AN OPAL!** MUST  
BE WORTH A  
FORTUNE!

I DON'T LIKE IT, JOE! IT WAS  
JUST A STROKE OF LUCK THAT  
THE POLICE CHIEF KNEW YOUR  
FATHER AND KNOWS YOU. OTHERWISE  
WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN HELD FOR  
THE MURDER OF THAT NATIVE!



TORTU GAVE HIS **LIFE** TO COME FOR  
HELP! THERE'S A YOUNG GIRL IN  
DANGER! WE CAN'T TURN OUR  
BACKS ON PEOPLE IN TROUBLE!  
C'MON, GADABOUT, WE'RE GOING  
TO THE TOUSSAINT PLANTATION!

WELL, ALL  
RIGHT...  
BUT I  
STILL  
DON'T  
LIKE IT!





LOSING NO TIME, JOE AND GADABOUT HIRE A CANOE AND SET OFF FOR THE TOUSSAINT PLANTATION...

GOOD LUCK, MY FRIENDS!

I AM ONLY SORRY THAT I CANNOT SPARE A MAN TO GO WITH YOU. BUT MADAGASCAR IS THE SIZE OF FRANCE, AND WE HAVE ONLY A TINY FORCE TO PATROL THIS WHOLE AREA!

DON'T WORRY, CHIEF! GADABOUT AND I ARE OLD HANDS AT KEEPING OUT OF TROUBLE!



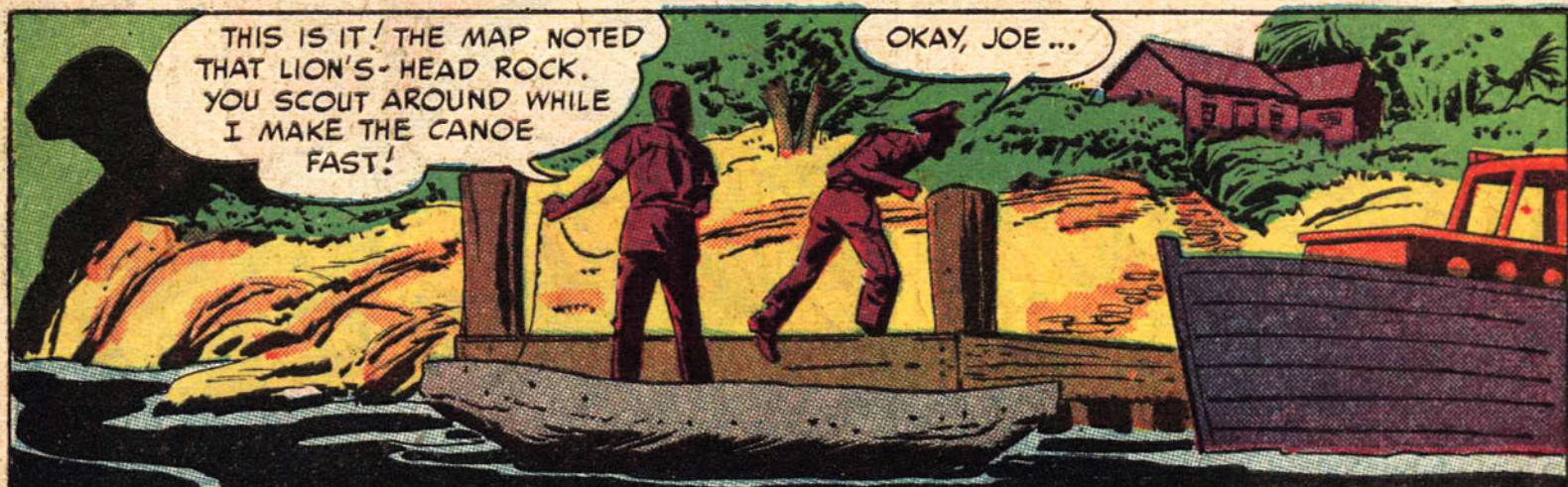
YOU SEE, GADABOUT! MADAGASCAR IS AS PEACEFUL AS A FISHING TRIP IN MAINE!

YEAH, ONLY **WE'RE** THE BAIT! HEY, EASY WITH THAT PADDLE... I'D HATE TO HAVE TO SWIM FOR IT AMONG THOSE CROCODILES!



THIS IS IT! THE MAP NOTED THAT LION'S-HEAD ROCK. YOU SCOUT AROUND WHILE I MAKE THE CANOE FAST!

OKAY, JOE...



GADABOUT EXPLORES THE SURROUNDING AREA, AND FINALLY FINDS THE HOUSE. ALERTED FOR DANGER THEY APPROACH THE WINDOW...

JAMBON, MY FRIEND, TRY TO BETTER FOUR ACES! HA, THE OVERSEER OF THE TOUSSAINT PLANTATION HAS SOMETHING TO LEARN ABOUT PLAYING POKER!

CURSE YOU, STORNINE! I'D SWEAR I SAW YOU PALM ONE CARD!



PLEASE, WE HAVE NO TIME FOR ARGUMENTS. IF WORD GETS TO MAJUNGA THAT MONSIEUR TOUSSAINT HAS BEEN KILLED, WE WILL HAVE MUCH TROUBLE...

THANK **OVERSEER JAMBON** FOR THAT! FIRST HE STABS HIS EMPLOYER! THEN HE MUST FOLLOW THE NATIVE TORTU TO MAJUNGA

AND KILL HIM, TOO!

TORTU DEAD, TOO! YOU FILTHY BEAST!





WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE WHEN TOUSSAINT DISCOVERED I WAS SELLING RAW RUBBER TO YOU ENEMY AGENTS, HE WAS READY TO TURN ME OVER TO THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES!

YOU FOOL! YOU COULD HAVE TAKEN HIM PRISONER! LOCKED HIM IN A ROOM! THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE SAFE WAY! NOW WE MUST HURRY BEFORE THE ALARM SPREAD,

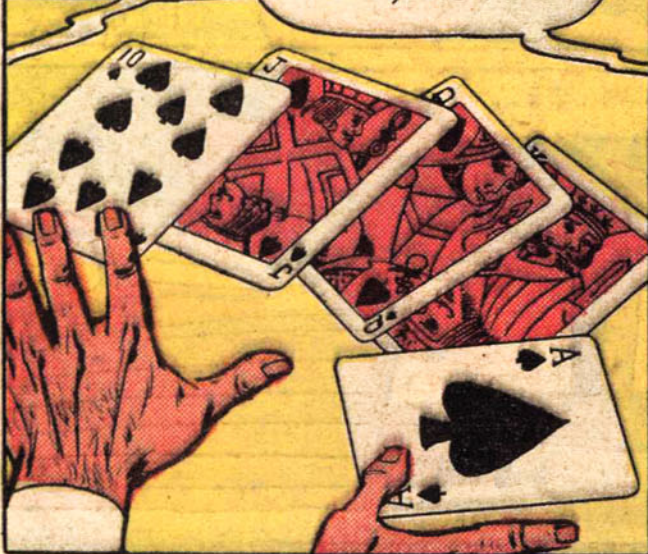
BUT LET US DEAL THE LAST HAND! WE PLAY THIS ONE FOR A BEAUTIFUL PRIZE, MADEMOISELLE TOUSSAINT! AND THE OPAL, TOO, FOR ONLY SHE KNOWS WHERE IT IS HIDDEN -- HA, BUT SHE CAN BE MADE TO TALK... THERE ARE WAYS!

YOU TALK AS THOUGH YOU HAVE ALREADY WON, STORNINE--



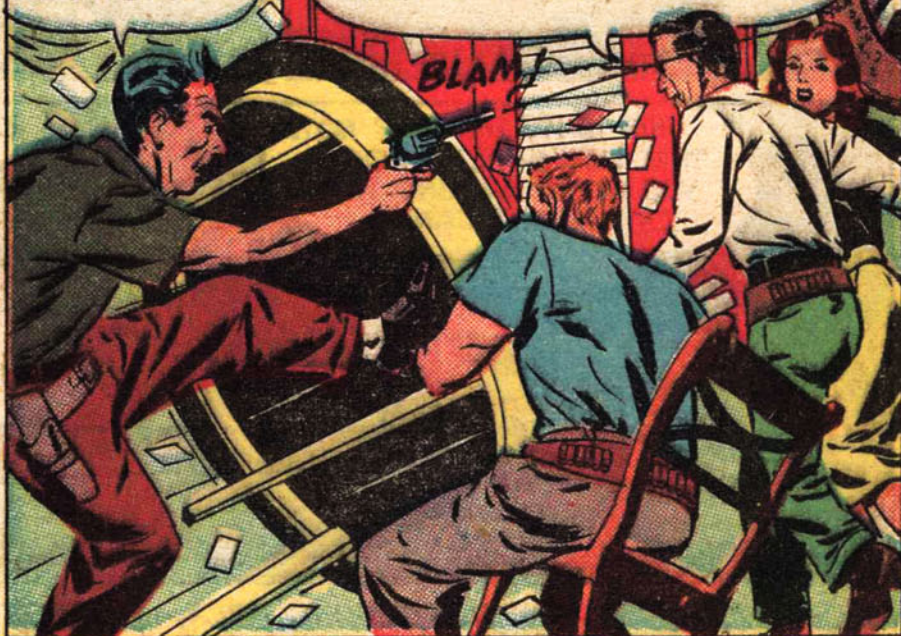
I HAVE WON-- UNLESS YOU KNOW HOW TO BEAT A ROYAL FLUSH!

FIRST, FOUR ACES, NOW, A ROYAL FLUSH! YOU WIN TOO EASILY, STORNINE!



SO, IF YOU USE TRICKS, THEN I WILL USE BULLETS!

AFTER HIM! THAT BOAT IS OUR ONLY WAY OFF THE PLANTATION! COME WITH ME, M'AM'SELLE TOUSSAINT!



GADABOUT! TRAIL JAMBON AND THE OTHER TWO! WE'VE GOT HEAVY ODDS AGAINST US! BUT DON'T TAKE UNNECESSARY CHANCES!

STORNINE IS A RUGGED CUSTOMER, JOE! CARD TRICKS AIN'T THE ONLY TRICKS HE KNOWS! WATCH YER STEP!



MUCH AS I HATE TO HURT YOU, I MUST KNOW WHERE THE OPAL IS HIDDEN! WHERE IS IT?

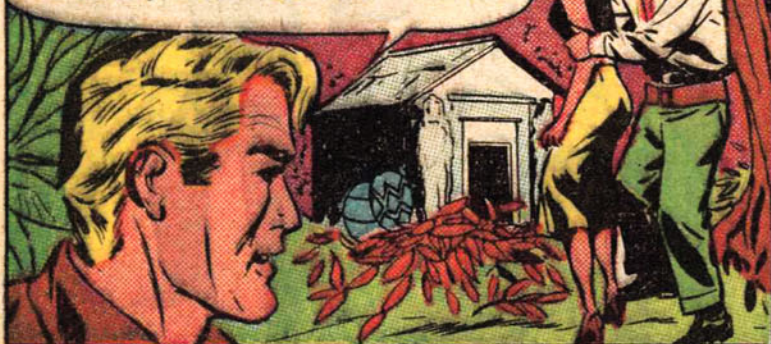
I'LL NEVER TELL YOU, SWINE!





I'LL HAVE TO PLAY A LONG SHOT! I'LL PRETEND I'M ONE OF JAMBON'S CRONIES! SHE CAN'T TELL YOU WHERE THE JEWEL IS, STORNINE, BUT I CAN! IN FACT I HELPED JAMBON HIDE IT--NOT FAR FROM HERE! YOU HAVE CONNECTIONS... YOU CAN SELL THE OPAL FOR A BIG PRICE! FOR A SHARE OF THE LOOT, I'LL TELL YOU WHERE--

YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU WANT! NOW TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THE JEWEL!



ACTING ON JOE'S INFORMATION, STORNINE ENTERS THE CURIOUS STONE STRUCTURE IN THE WOODS. JOE IS LEFT BEHIND TO "GUARD" THE GIRL.

WHO ARE YOU? ANOTHER OF THE MURDEROUS GANG?

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, MISS TOUSSAINT! I'M A FRIEND, BEFORE HE DIED, TORTU TOLD ME YOU NEEDED HELP SEE, HERE'S THE MAP HE DREW--AND THE OPAL!



I'M SO CONFUSED-- FIVE DAYS AGO I ARRIVED FROM FRANCE TO FIND THIS--THIS HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE... THOSE SCREAMS!! WHAT ARE THOSE SCREAMS!!

YAAA!  
NO! NO!  
YAAA!!

STORNINE! THAT BUILDING I SENT HIM TO IS A **NATIVE TOMB!** THESE PEOPLE ARE ANCESTOR WORSHIPPERS. THEY'LL KILL ANYONE WHO DESECRATES THE BURIAL PLACE OF THEIR DEAD...IT'S ROUGH JUSTICE FOR STORNINE, BUT IT WAS OUR ONLY CHANCE!

HERE THEY COME! BETTER NOT LOOK, MISS TOUSSAINT! THE REVENGE OF THE MALAGACHES IS NOT A PRETTY SIGHT!



AND FARTHER UP THE TRAIL...

IS IT MUCH FARTHER? I-I DON'T THINK I CAN MAKE IT!

JUST A LITTLE WAY... BUT WE DON'T DARE STOP, REMEMBER, THERE'S STILL JAMBON TO CONTEND WITH!

SHOTS! IS- IS IT JAMBON?

CAN'T TELL YET! BE READY FOR ANYTHING!

BANG!  
BANG!



GADABOUT! ARE YOU OKAY? WHAT HAPPENED TO JAMBON AND THE OTHERS?

I GOT THE TWO AGENTS, JOE! WINGED ONE AND KILLED THE OTHER! BUT JAMBON GOT AWAY! WE'D BETTER MAKE A DASH FOR THE BOAT 'FORE HE BEATS US TO IT!





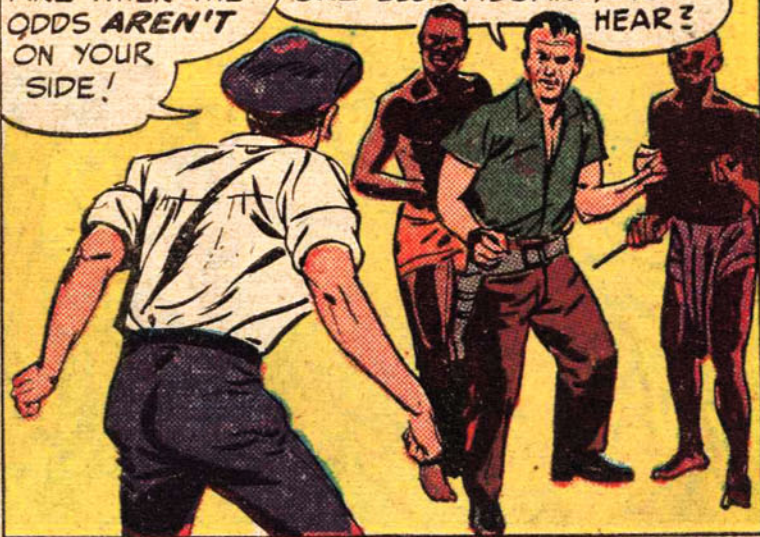
PSST, JOE! THERE'S JAMBON! I'LL MAKE A RACKET AN' TRY TO DRAW HIM AWAY, SO YOU AN' THE LADY CAN GET TO THE BOAT!

RIGHT, GADABOUT! GIVE US A FEW MINUTES TO GET ABOARD, THEN TRY TO WORK YOUR WAY BACK! ONCE ON THE BOAT, WE'LL TRY TO STAND THEM OFF! GOOD LUCK, PAL!



ALL, RIGHT, YOU RAT! LET'S SEE WHAT KIND OF GAMBLER YOU ARE WHEN THE ODDS AREN'T ON YOUR SIDE!

AMERICAN DOG! I WILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF YOU! NIMBU, TANO! GET TO THE BOAT! DON'T LET ANY-ONE ELSE ABOARD, YOU HEAR?



JAMBON LUNGES AT THE OLD SALT, BUT GADABOUT SIDE- STEPS, AND...

MEANWHILE, JOE IS HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE FRAIL MLE. TOUSSAINT...

AND AS JOE AND THE GIRL REACH THE BOAT...

HIT 'EM IN THE BREAD BASKET, I ALWAYS SAY - AN' THEY NEVER GET UP FOR MORE!



PLEASE! GO ON WITHOUT ME! JUST BECAUSE I'M IN DANGER, WHY SHOULD YOU--



MISS TOUSSAINT, IF WE GO DOWN, WE GO DOWN TOGETHER! BUT WE'RE NOT BEATEN YET!

JOE! LOOK OUT!



UNDER THEIR HORRIFIED EYES, THE SECOND NATIVE, TOO, FALLS PREY TO THE TERRIBLE MAN-EATING CROCODILES IN THE WATER...

IT'S JAMBON WHO OUGHT TO BE OUT THERE, NOT THOSE POOR, MISGUIDED NATIVES...

I AIN'T TOO SURE THE CROCODILES'LL LIKE JAMBON!



WELL, THAT'S THE END OF OUR TRIP TO "PEACEFUL" MADAGASCAR!

I AM NOT SORRY TO SEE THE LAST OF IT!

TRY TO FORGET THIS WHOLE EXPERIENCE, MISS TOUSSAINT! THE FIRE-OPAL WILL BRING YOU A GOOD PRICE IN THE AMERICAN MARKET! AS FOR US, WE'LL KEEP ON SEARCHING FOR MY FATHER! MAYBE WE'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!



The End



# ARCTIC CONQUEROR

## ROBERT EDWIN PEARY

IN THE SPRING OF 1886, A YOUNG MAN SHIPPED ABOARD A NORTH-BOUND WHALING VESSEL FOR THE GREENLAND POST OF GODHAVN. HIS NAME WAS ROBERT EDWIN PEARY...



THERE BE GREENLAND, MR. PEARY! A SOLID CHUNK OF ICE FROM STEM TO STERN, AND NOT WORTH FOOLIN' WITH!

MAYBE SO, CAPTAIN, BUT I'VE MADE UP MY MIND TO CROSS IT!



TOGETHER WITH A YOUNG DANISH OFFICIAL, PEARY ATTEMPTED TO CROSS THE INLAND ICECAP. HIS OBJECT WAS TO GAIN PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE ABOUT THE FROZEN INTERIOR... BUT WHEN THEY HAD COVERED THE FIRST 100 MILES...

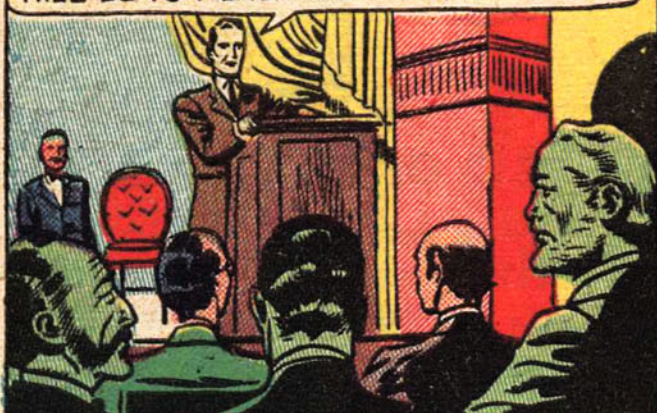
WE CAN'T GET THROUGH THIS STORM, PEARY! W--WE'LL HAVE TO TURN BACK!

I SUPPOSE SO, BUT I'LL RETURN NEXT SPRING! I'LL KEEP COMING BACK UNTIL I DO IT!



PEARY FINALLY MADE A SUCCESSFUL GREENLAND CROSSING IN THE YEAR 1891. IT WAS A MAJOR SUCCESS, AND WHEN HE RETURNED TO NEW YORK HE WAS INVITED TO SPEAK AT THE FAMOUS EXPLORER'S CLUB...

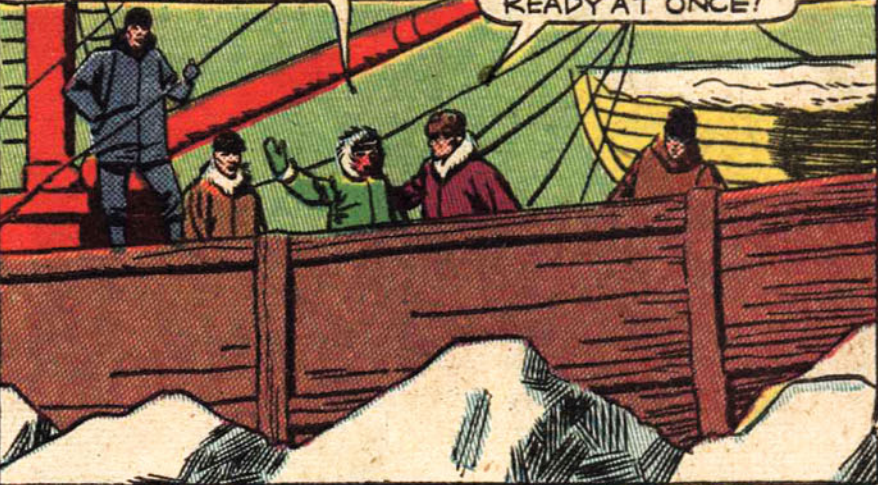
ENCOURAGED BY MY GREENLAND EXPERIENCE, I SHALL SOON ATTEMPT WHAT NO MAN HAS SUCCEEDED AT BEFORE. MY NEXT PROJECT WILL BE TO REACH THE NORTH POLE!



DURING THE 18 YEARS THAT FOLLOWED PEARY MADE SEVERAL ATTEMPTS TO REACH THE POLE. BUT THEY WERE DOOMED TO FAILURE. THEN, IN THE YEAR, 1909, HE MADE A LAST EFFORT...

WE'VE REACHED THE END OF THE LINE, SIR! WE COULD NEVER CUT THROUGH THIS ICE FIELD!

IN THAT CASE WE'LL MAKE OUR DASH FROM HERE! GET THE DOGS AND SLEDS READY AT ONCE!



AFTER 36 DAYS OF TRAVELING ACROSS WIND-SWEPT ICE, ALL THAT REMAINED OF THE ORIGINAL PARTY WAS PEARY, HIS NEGRO ASSISTANT, MATTHEW HANSON, AND FOUR ESKIMOS. PEARY, NOW 52, WAS STRAINED TO THE BREAKING POINT...

WE C--CAN'T BE MORE THAN A FEW MILES FROM THE POLE, BUT I'M ALL IN! CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER STEP.

THEN WE'LL REST, SIR! A HALF HOUR'S SLEEP, AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO PUSH ON!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, ON THE MEMORABLE DAY OF APRIL 6, 1909, PEARY FINALLY REACHED HIS OBJECTIVE. AFTER 18 YEARS OF HEARTBREAKING DISAPPOINTMENTS, HE HAD ACCOMPLISHED WHAT NO MAN HAD DONE BEFORE--HE HAD REACHED THE NORTH POLE!



FOR HIS BRILLIANT WORK, PEARY WAS AWARDED THE RANK OF REAR-ADMIRAL BY A SPECIAL CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE AND TO THIS DAY HIS ACHIEVEMENT REMAINS A MAJOR CONTRIBUTION TO THE FIELD OF POLAR EXPLORATION!

THE END



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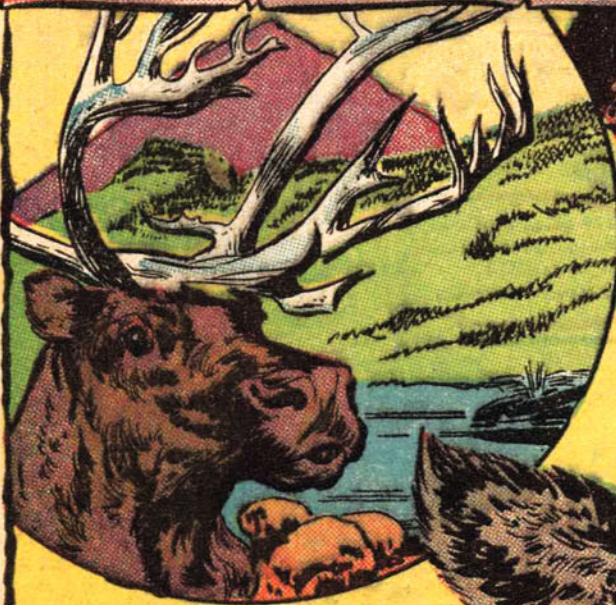
366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



# Wild Animals

## OF THE NORTHWEST

THE CARIBOU ARE STRONG AND SWIFT. THEY ARE LIGHT GRAY OR BROWN IN COLOR BUT CHANGE TO SMOKY WHITE IN WINTER. THEY ARE EXCELLENT SWIMMERS AND ARE VERY FOND OF WATER.



FOUND THROUGHOUT THE CANADIAN ROCKIES, THE WOLVERINE OR CARCAJOU IS ONE OF THE LARGEST OF THE NORTH AMERICAN FUR-BEARING ANIMALS. IT IS REGARDED BY THE TRAPPERS AND INDIANS AS THE MOST POWERFUL AND DIABOLICAL OF WILD CREATURES BECAUSE IT ROBS THE TRAPS AND BREAKS INTO THEIR STORES OF FOOD.



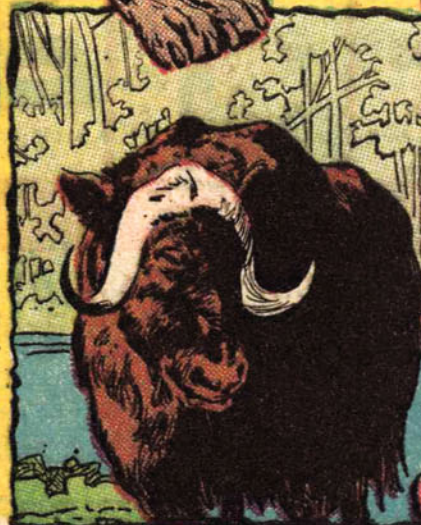
THE TIMBER WOLF IS LARGE, LONG-LEGGED AND MEAN. A FULL GROWN WOLF MEASURES 5½ FEET LONG, 3 FEET HIGH, AND WEIGHS OVER 100 POUNDS. IN COLOR IT IS A LIGHT YELLOWISH GRAY. IT HUNTS ITS PREY IN PACKS AND ITS CHIEF VICTIMS ARE DEER, SHEEP AND YOUNG CATTLE.



A FULL-GROWN MALE WALRUS MEASURES ABOUT 12 FEET IN LENGTH AND MAY WEIGH UP TO 2000 POUNDS. ITS EYES ARE FIERCE AND ITS WHISKERS ARE AS THICK AS SPAGHETTI. THE FUR IS SHORT AND VARIES IN COLOR FROM LIGHT YELLOW ABOVE TO CHESTNUT BROWN BELOW. THE TUSKS ARE SOMETIMES TWO FEET LONG.



THE POLAR BEAR IS CREAMY WHITE WITH BLACK CLAWS. ONE OF THE LARGEST OF BEARS, IT OFTEN EXCEEDS 9 FEET IN LENGTH. THE SOLES OF ITS FEET ARE HAIRY WHICH HELPS TO GIVE IT A FIRM HOLD ON THE ICE. ORDINARILY POLAR BEARS ARE SLOW AND CLUMSY BUT WHEN IMPULSED BY RAGE OR FEAR THEY WILL RUN OVER ROCKS AND ICE WITH AMAZING SPEED AND AGILITY.

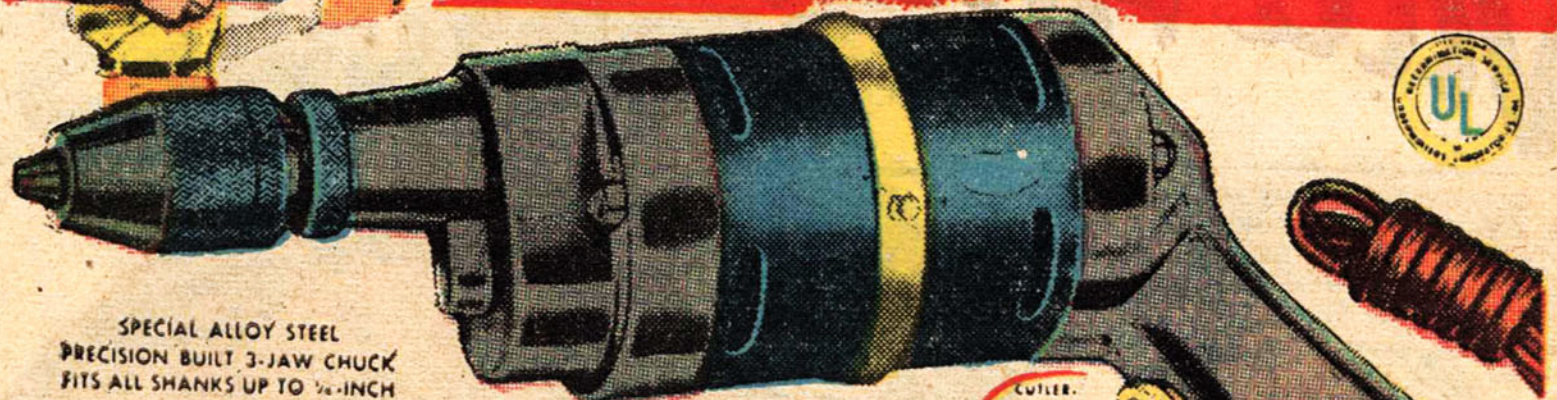


THE MUSK-OX COMBINES THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SHEEP AND THE OX. IT INHABITS THE NORTHERNMOST PARTS OF CANADA. IT IS ABOUT THE SIZE OF SMALL CATTLE, MEASURING ABOUT 5½ FEET FROM NOSE TO TAIL. IT EXHALES A STRONG ODOR OF MUSK.



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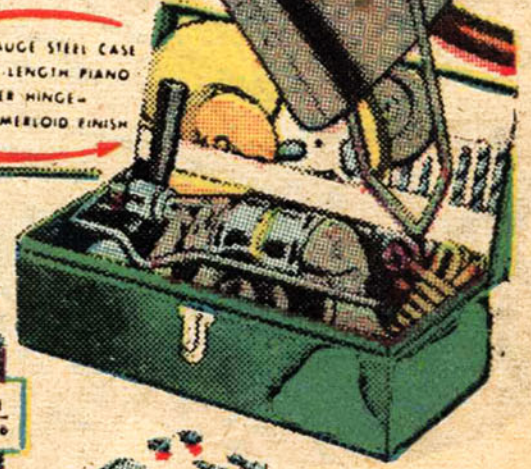
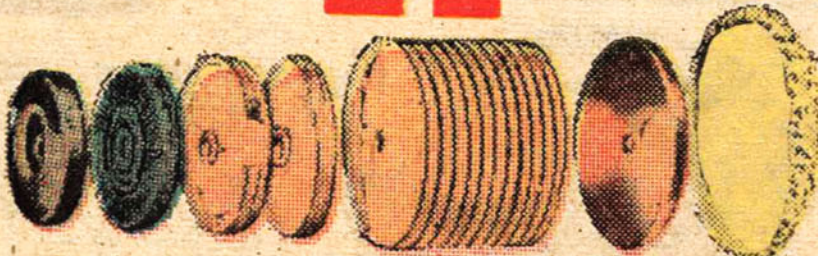
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# ARCTIC TRAIL BLAZER

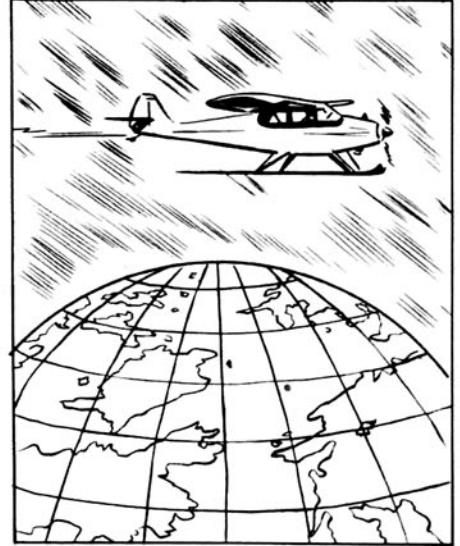
*Admiral*  
**RICHARD BYRD**

IN 1926, RICHARD EVELYN BYRD, ONE OF THE GREATEST POLAR EXPLORERS OF MODERN TIMES, SET OUT TO ACCOMPLISH WHAT HAD NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE ... A CROSSING OF THE NORTH POLE BY **AIR!**

HAPPY LANDINGS, SIR!

THANK YOU! WITH A BIT OF LUCK, WE WILL ACCOMPLISH IN A FEW HOURS WHAT HAD TAKEN PEARY YEARS?

STREAKING ACROSS FROZEN WASTELANDS, BYRD SUCCESSFULLY CROSSED THE POLE AND A NEW ERA IN ARCTIC EXPLORATION WAS IN THE MAKING...



IN 1929, BYRD CROSSED THE SOUTH POLE BY PLANE AND ESTABLISHED A BASE WHICH HE NAMED "LITTLE AMERICA." WHEN HE RETURNED AGAIN IN 1934, HE WAS TO EXECUTE THE MOST COURAGEOUS FEAT OF HIS BRILLIANT CAREER...

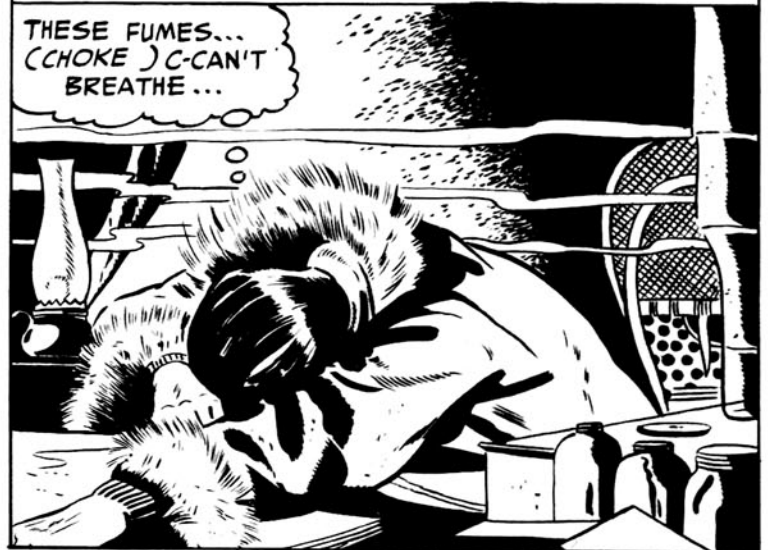
GOOD-BYE, SIR... AND KEEP WELL!

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, MEN! SEE YOU IN AUGUST!



FOR FOUR AND A HALF MONTHS, IN HIS TINY HUT, 123 MILES SOUTH OF HIS BASE AT LITTLE AMERICA, BYRD COLLECTED IMPORTANT DATA ON ARCTIC WEATHER. THEN, ONE NIGHT, HIS OIL STOVE FILLED THE ROOM WITH POISONOUS FUMES...

THESE FUMES... (CHOKE) C-CAN'T BREATHE...



WHEN BYRD FAILED TO CONTACT THE MAIN PARTY BY RADIO, A RESCUE PARTY WAS DISPATCHED IMMEDIATELY. THEIR ARRIVAL WAS NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON...

HE'S STILL ALIVE!

ANOTHER FEW HOURS, AND HE'D BE DONE FOR!



UNDAUNTED BY HIS BRUSH WITH DEATH, BYRD RETURNED TO THE SOUTH POLAR REGION IN 1939. IN TWO YEARS TIME HE CHARTERED OVER 1100 MILES OF COASTLINE AND SURVEYED MORE THAN 100,000 MILES OF LAND FOR THE U.S. GOVERNMENT...



EVERY AMERICAN HAILS THIS DAUNTLESS EXPLORER WHO HAS PLANTED OUR FLAG IN THE WASTELANDS!









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NEXT...

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